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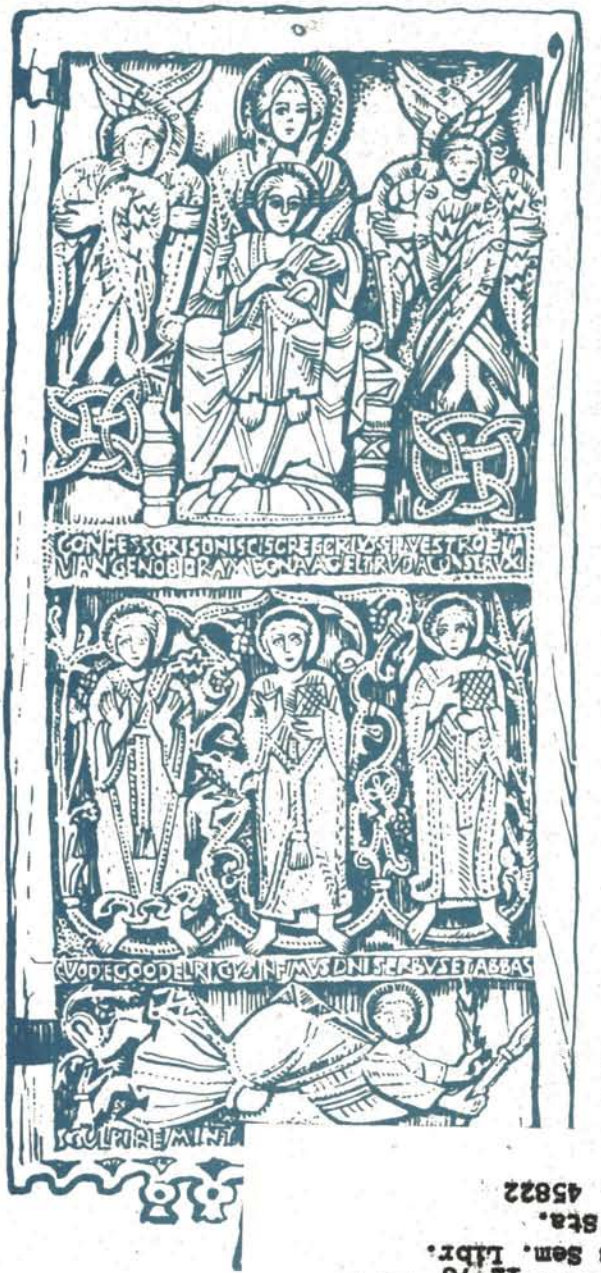
commonweal

ON THE ORDINATION OF WOMEN

MICHAEL NOVAK



THE HIDDEN REVOLUTION

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FRANK GETLEIN HELL ON WHEELS
MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS INSIDE AN ABORTION HOSPITAL
MARILYN MOORCROFT FLOUNDERING WITH GRASS

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NEWS & VIEWS

A Saint & Women's Lib

What would Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton (1774-1821), the only native-born canonized saint of the United States, have thought of our times and particularly of women's lib?

Historian John Tracy Ellis speculated on the question at the Seton Founder's Award Convocation several weeks ago in Emmitsburg, Md. As our preeminent Catholic historian, his remarks are of special interest.

"Elizabeth Seton would, I suspect, have had understanding and sympathy for certain aims of the Women's Liberation Movement," said Father Ellis, "as she would have approved the role envisioned for herself by the new executive of the National Organization of Women, Mrs. Eleanor C. Smeal, whose concept of women's rights was progressive enough for her to be elected to NOW's presidency, while at the same time it was sufficiently appreciative of traditional values to identify her own position as primarily that of a housewife. What St. Elizabeth would, I believe, have found difficult to accept would be the insistence of women on the right to ordination, as she would surely have frowned on the liberty taken by a few others to compose tasteless liturgies that bear scant resemblance to the texts approved for public worship in the Church.

"In regard to other changes in the position of women in the contemporary Church, if Elizabeth's natural modesty might at first have prompted her to shy away from the reading of the Scriptures at Mass, her good judgment and common sense would have quickly adjusted to this appropriate innovation, and she would, I dare say, have come to enjoy this role, as she would likewise have welcomed the Church's opening to women's participation in the administration of the sacraments. Nor can I see this great lady raising strong objection to the revival of the rank of deaconess once she understood its historic place among the offices of the ancient Church.

"Finally, for one who experienced more than her share of frustration from the arbitrary rulings of several churchmen in the affairs of her religious community, she would have seen nothing incongruous about the determination of women religious today that they should be adequately represented in the policy-making decisions of the Roman Curia's Congregation for Religious when those policies touch intimately their own kind."

The Ellis pamphlet is available from the Daughters of Charity, Seton Shrine Center, Emmitsburg, Md. 21727. Sister Anne William, Shrine director, said the supply is limited, but individual requests can be met. The pamphlet is free, though donations will be "gratefully received."

Sisters Speak Up

Speaking of arbitrary rules and frustration among women religious, the National Coalition of American Nuns is hopping mad about "another stinging blow" dealt it by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

NCAN, the coalition's newsletter, complains because for the nine national organizations of religious women, representing at various levels 128,000 American Sisters, the bishops allowed only two press passes to their May meeting in Chicago; two out of a total of 100.

The newsletter branded this "one more rude affront" to Sisters and "a representative sample of typical discriminatory behavior patterns" practiced by the bishops. The newsletter continued:

"In the past ten years, Sisters have seen about 40,000 of their members leave religious communities. Forty thousand of the least-respected, most overworked and underpaid 'hired help' have left the direct service of an oppressive Church. It is a continual wonder that the remaining 128,000 nuns are willing to stay and serve the same Church which denies their personhood, professional worth and pastoral sensitivity born of 'front-line' experience."

Handwriting on the Wall

What do the aforementioned Sister drain, and a comcomitant drop in vocations, threaten? Among other things the future of Catholic-related hospitals in the U.S.

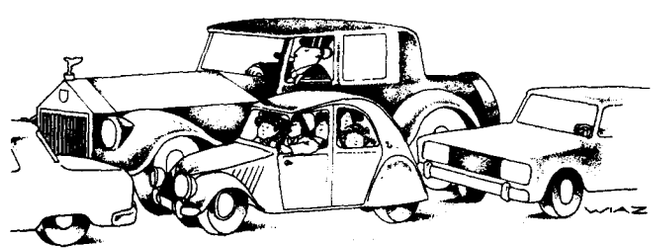
No less than 150 Catholic general hospitals have gone by the boards in the past 10 years, and if this decline continues Catholic hospitals will "at some point decrease below that 'critical mass' necessary to exert a concerted, cohesive, and continuing impact on the broader health care system."

So writes Paul R. Donnelly of the Catholic Hospital Association in the June issue of *Hospital Progress*, the CHA journal.

He sees a number of factors at work: administrative complexities, growing involvement of the laity in management and board positions, government planning and increased public accountability—all of which are conceded to be reasons for religious congregations with an aging membership to consider withdrawing their historic sponsorship.

But a sizable part of the problem, it is specified, lies in declining vocations to religious congregations that built up and maintained more than 90 percent of these Catholic health institutions.

Donnelly does not excoriate religious communities that withdraw from hospital sponsorship. He does argue, however, that they have a "responsibility to themselves, to the Church, and to the people being served . . . to be certain that all alternatives for continuing the Catholic identity of that facility are carefully identified and evaluated before any final decision is made."



Le Nouvel Observateur/LNS

Finally, Amy

Does anyone else find curious, or objectionable, the way President Carter uses daughter Amy to create a youth image of himself? The President has several children of adult age (I'd have to look up exactly how many), and he did use one of them on a public mission, to cut some ice in China. But do they fit into the presidential family portrait? Hardly. They marched behind the "old man" in the Inaugural parade, and they're seldom seen at wakes, weddings or fancy balls. That happy family reunion at Andrews Air Force Base, for instance, after Mrs. Carter's return from her two-week, seven-nation Latin American swing; who was it who bounded up the stairs of the plane for the TV cameras to greet Mom privately, then escort her down the stairs and to the microphones? Amy and Dad. No other kin were in sight.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mid-East Polemics

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: There's a place for polemics. In defense of Msgr. Adamo, for instance, or in assault upon his critics, nothing *Commonweal* is likely to say will be too polemical for me. Polemics about the Middle East, however, as in Frank Getlein's column for April 29, seem to me out of place. It is an area where nobody can be sure of being wholly right, and where passionate advocacy of mistaken notions may end in shredded bodies.

It is no longer useful to Israel, if it ever was, to suggest that its Defense Force will always be able to overwhelm any Arab attack. Yes, it was only because of outside factors that the Arabs were saved from another complete humiliation in the Yom Kippur war; but the Israelis know that '73 was very different from '67. The kind of brashness Getlein displays is out of fashion in Tel Aviv. Having felt the evidence in their flesh, Israelis know Arabs can learn to maneuver tanks and aim missiles, and that they do not always run from battle.

Getlein's "awful truth," that "history is made largely by force," needs a correlate: Money buys force. Israel can't afford what it spends on military force; its economy is a mess. Saudi Arabia can spend many times as much without a tremor. In every year that passes, as Israel's enemies become more adept and confident in the use of military technology, it becomes less consequential exactly where the lines are drawn on the Golan Heights. We are not going to relive *Exodus* (the Uris version) again. Trying to appear tough-minded about Israel, Getlein comes off romantic.

Besides the inexorably shifting balance of military power, there are other novelties in the world. Just as, once upon a time, Jewish nationalism was at most latent, so also Palestinian nationalism has a history. It had be-

(*Continued on page 446*)

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CARTER: CAPTAIN OR ENGINEER?

One respected columnist, stating his preferences just before the November presidential election, said the American people were faced with a choice between another potential Franklin D. Roosevelt and another Calvin Coolidge. A slight majority, many without great enthusiasm, voted and hoped for another FDR. Today there are a number who feel they have ended up with Franklin D. Hoover—fireside chats delivered by the Great Engineer.

That may be unfair. President Jimmy Carter is doing a good many things well. According to the Gallup poll, 66 percent of the people rate him favorably. In general the public expresses more confidence in its President than in its Congress. By his informality, occasional travels, telephone and face-to-face conversations with the people, biweekly press conferences, and his frank and simple manner, he has demonstrated his extraordinary intelligence and dispelled just a little of the mystery that has surrounded his private personality. He has restored both the appearance and the substance of honesty and legitimacy to the government. He has appointed a competent and intelligent, though not spectacular, Cabinet and he has significantly increased the number of women, blacks and other minorities in influential government posts. Attorney General Griffin B. Bell, his most questionable choice, so far seems to have risen above his past as a member of Alabama racist clubs to become a fair and firm administrator of civil rights legislation. In Andrew Young at the United Nations—and everywhere else—we seem to have an eloquent—if a bit too gabby—spokesman for human rights and the Third World. The President's tolerance for

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this indiscreet and voluble maverick is some evidence that Carter doesn't mind a little public embarrassment when he perceives that a higher moral goal may be served. Just as he promised, Carter pardoned draft evaders—in a plan that fell short of the total amnesty required but went beyond the earn-your-way-back policies of his predecessor. With a few exceptions he has appointed a better qualified batch of ambassadors than we have seen in some time. He is withdrawing our troops from Korea and has reprimanded two sword-rattling generals. He seems determined to reduce nuclear proliferation and he has steadfastly insisted, in face of much opposition, that he is committed to radical arms reduction—although if he makes what he has described as a "personal" and "lonely" decision to go ahead with the 100-million-dollar B-1 bomber, which he referred to during the campaign as "exotic," he will sacrifice a great deal of credibility on this issue.

In appointments, personal style and foreign affairs, where the President has the greatest freedom of movement, Carter seems to have had some immediate success. But on domestic issues, particularly those which demand visionary political leadership and bold federal initiatives to confront human economic problems too complex and deep-rooted for state and local governments, the Carter record falls short of the "compassion" he projected during the campaign. In fact his administration seems to show more than enough compassion for the very constituency that did its best to defeat him, the big business community and the conservative middle class of the infamous Caddell memorandum who are to be seduced by Carter's "packaging" and "style."

Perhaps the weakness in the Carter administration is best understood in two recent symbolic gestures the President failed to make: he didn't show up at the reunion of 1000 New Dealers celebrating the 44th anniversary of FDR's inauguration, or at the national conference of mayors. He has correctly issued a challenge (later diminished to a modest pep talk) calling for a moral war to confront the energy shortage; but the problems of welfare, national health policy, unemployment, public transportation, housing, and rotting cities—the concerns of the old FDR constituency that elected Carter—are equally pressing and in some ways more critical in terms of immediate human cost. It is disturbing to see reports of a welfare "reform" that threatens to penalize extended families living together, that might force recipients onto the labor market at sub-standard wages, that wouldn't help anyone till 1981 and that can't cost more than the present system.

There are still many Jimmy Carters. For a while the lay preacher came on strong. What we're seeing most frequently now is the businessman, the planner, the engineer—with unsettling glimpses of the old naval officer fiddling with the dials of his nuclear sub. It is as if the nation were his submarine and the control panel was a collection of programs labeled Government Reorganization, Zero-Based Budgeting, Tax Rebate, etc. With the new skipper dickering with the instruments trying to get his vessel to surface. We like the old, less engineerish, ship-of-state metaphor (a favorite of FDR's) better—where the captain, guided by the science of navigation and his own vision, sets the course and inspires the crew. And we prefer the American President Carter described in his acceptance speech, the one who governs with "vigor and vision and aggressive leadership," who shares our "pain and dreams." Who led us to believe he would value the human pain over the B-1.

WASHINGTON REPORT

HELL ON WHEELS

If this country is the car culture everybody always says it is, we're in trouble. If our simple faith resides in a cam-overhead, piston-bearing, 400 HP glide-ride, this country is having a crisis of faith and will very likely crack from it. This has nothing to do with the Arab challenge. That was merely an outside threat, like the Moors at Tours—many of the same people, in fact —the sort of thing that rallies a culture, unifies it, not fragments it. If Americans are called upon to double their contribution to the oil cartel in order to continue their automobile worship, that is small enough sacrifice. The cartel, after all, along with the highway trust, constitutes an auxiliary hierarchy closely associated with the central Magisterium in Detroit. It can be maintained, I would maintain myself, that these added sacrifices have served merely to strengthen the bond that ties the American people to the principal articles of their faith, the cars coming from Motor City.

Take the matter of small cars. There was a time—only a moment, really, seen in the perspective of the Long Ride—when the coming of the small car was seen as a weakening of the faith. Small car, small belief, it was thought, not without a certain elementary logic. Well, that elementary logic has turned out to be totally mistaken. What has happened, praise Detroit, is that the small car has been taken up into the Pantheon alongside the more traditional large car, or, in liturgical language, Gas Guzzler, augmenting, increasing, the deposit of faith, not eroding it a bit. Small car sales are up—as they could hardly not be if there were any at all—but large car sales are up, appropriately, largely. The Americans, in the fullness of their faith, have not taken

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the smallies as substitutes for the biggies, but as additions to the biggies, rather in the way First Friday Devotions were never accepted as a substitute for Mass in the Old Religion, only as an augmentation.

Thus the new Moors at Tours have produced a new Charles Martel, en masse, who has defeated them as in the olden times. But while these outside threats have been repulsed or contained, even amalgamated, the inner crisis has appeared not, as in the old faith, some seven centuries later, but within a matter of months after the triumph. No sooner had the faithful demonstrated anew the depths of their faith, the lengths to which their devotion could carry them, than it was revealed that the Magisterium itself, at Detroit, had been playing fast and loose with that simple faith. And not merely the Magisterium, but the apex of the Trinity itself, General Motors.

Like the other corners of that triangle, GM for some years now has been recalling cars they have sold that turn out to be a menace to life and limb on the highway. That was a blow to some of the faithful, though doubtless an improvement on the former system of simply letting the lemons roll, killing and maiming whom they happened to. But the latest revelation went far beyond that in its threat to the established faith. General Motors, we suddenly learned, has been installing the engines of its cheapest brand, Chevrolet, in the bodies of its more expensive ones, in ascending order Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Buick. For reasons not yet made clear, the Cadillac apparently was not included in the engine switch, possibly because even the Wizard of Oz believes there must be *something* inside the colored steam.

I live in a neighborhood where you have to ask for butter in the grocery store and the grocer opens the padlock on the fridge and hands you a pound; he does this, he explains, because if the butter isn't locked up, some of the customers furtively switch contents and check out butter in a margarine box. When he first explained that to me, I thought the switch pretty ingenious, but I admired even more the grocer's direct solution: obviously, you could tag the switchers for shoplifting, but why bother? Lock it up. The grocer's advantage, of course, is that he's the seller and controls the commodities. If you set out to buy, say, an Olds or a Pontiac, how do you lock up the engine you've read about in the ads or had extolled to you by the salesman to prevent General Motors from filching it and unloading another low-price whiz-bang on you? Unless you really understand engines, you ain't got a chance.

Furthermore, a great part of the General Motors program for Americans has been to discourage them from learning anything about engines or the rest of cars by making them as difficult as possible to fix or even adjust without going back to the General Motors franchised agent in the area. Besides the obvious profit for both agent and principal in these repeated transactions, both the mystery of the car and the cost and inconvenience of the visits serve to strengthen the faith of the car cultist in the cult: Obviously, anything I keep paying so much cash out of pocket for and suffer such endless and repeated expenditures of time and exasperation for, has to be of close to paramount importance in my life. And, anything we associate with daily and intimately and for prolonged periods which yet defies understanding automatically engenders a little awe. The whole thing more than somewhat resembles Voodoo and I for one would not be surprised to learn that the president and chairman of GM do the duo dance number from time to time with the strangled chicken and the wax doll of Joe Carbuyer.

But besides Voodoo, the car cult and General Motors especially have performed a kind of Grand Inquisitor function in our democratic society. GM more than Chrysler and Ford has taken upon itself the burden of providing Americans with the outward and visible signs of rank and status in a society theoretically dedicated to the abnegation, even the abolition, of such signs. The Constitution actually forbids the acceptance and display of such signs as are handed out by foreign governments, and it is a basic part of the American myth that all white men are created equal, with women and blacks coming up fast on the outside. We Americans all feel ennobled by our national abjuration of nobility, but still, there it is, we'd like to be nobles ourselves, within, of course, the framework of democracy. We'd like to have some sort of recognized status in society and it's hard to do. It got harder with the mass production of reasonably well-made clothes, impossible with the recent eruption of grunginess as style. If the height of fashion is to look like Huck Finn, what's a chap to do if he wants to show his rank as at least a little bit above that of the rank and file?

Cars is the answer, as it has been since circa 1933 when Chrysler introduced the Airflow and transportation was transmuted into status. Truth to tell, of course, the Trinity itself had already taken a serious whack at its own hierarchical order of motor cars. Chevy-Pontiac-Olds-Buick-LaSalle-Cadillac meant something not far removed from sexton-deacon-priest-bishop-archbishop in form, but what can one make of Baracuda-Cutlass-Torpedo-Pikestaff-Wildcat-Sabre-Epee-Grenade beyond a general inclination toward carnage? Cigarettes did the same thing when they stopped being Camels-Chesterfields-Luckies and became all those other t h i n g s, Crabgrass-Charleston-Chickory-Birmingham-Whatever. It was enough to make you stop smoking. The engine switch, of course, wrapped it up. GM always prided itself on competing with itself rather than with Chrysler and Ford, the goal being to upgrade a Chevy-buyer to Pontiac, or convince a Buick owner that an

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Olds would do as well. If the engines are the same, they'll all do as well—or as poorly, as the case may be.

Was it Hegel or Engels who said, History always repeats itself, but as farce? I can't seem to pin it down. Anyway, the old dialectical Laugh-In sequel turned up here, too. Doubled, in fact. After GM pulled itself together following the dread discovery, the grand old supercop announced that in the future all General Motors cars would have the basic GM engine, heretofore known as the Chevy, and that would be that. In the first farcical repetition, this goes back to the immediate past and Gerald Ford's (!) plan to stop the FBI from committing burglary by declaring that when the FBI burglarized an American home, it wouldn't be burglary but something else, protective entry, no doubt, like an awning over the doorway. But that lift from that Ford in our past also harked back to and reversed an ancient GM doctrine: now, at last, what was good enough for the country was good enough for General Motors.

FRANK GETLEIN

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IN THE SHADOW OF ST. PETER'S

ARCHBISHOP LEFEBVRE'S RELIGION

"They have changed our religion." This is the accusation that the French archbishop Monsignor Marcel Lefebvre, suspended *a divinis* a year ago, has leveled time and again against Pope John XXIII, Paul VI and the others involved in the "well-organized plot of Vatican II." This time, however, he dared to repeat it in the shadow of St. Peter's itself. Invited by the Princess Elvina Pallavicini, Lefebvre spoke June 6 in Rome in the palace of the princess in via XXIV Maggio under the same canopy where Pope Clement IX, a relative of the Pallavicini family from the Rospigliosi branch, had spoken over 300 years before.

Addressing a crowd of 2000, including many of Rome's noblemen and noblewomen, Lefebvre warned of the dangers of the ecumenical movement, of religious liberty and of Communism. He deplored the fact that the Church was no longer defined as an infallible, hierarchical, perfect society, but rather linked to such words as communion, people and assembly; that Spain was considering the establishment of freedom of religion; and that the last two Popes have spoken of the Declaration of the Rights of Man as a conquest for humanity. These are principles that do not belong to the Catholic tradition, Lefebvre insisted, but to liberalism which aims at destroying the true religion and morality. He attacked the Archbishop of Milan, Giovanni Cardinal Colombo, for saying that a state should not propagate any particular ideology and attacked the Pope for receiving Communist leaders in the Vatican and adhering to the Helsinki conference which, according to the French bishop, is a capitulation and a pact with the enemy.

Affirming that Communism was the "most dreadful danger of our time," Lefebvre insisted that the present Pope was persecuting anti-Communist Catholics and "encouraged and nominated bishops that were favorable to Communism," citing such names as Helder Camara of Brazil, Mendez Arceo of Mexico, William Wakefield Baum of the United States, Silva Enriquez of Chile as well as François Marty of France (who, Lefebvre claims, sang the Internationale with the secretary general of the French Communist Party Georges Marchais) and Johannes Willebrands of Holland. "The changes introduced by the Council," Lefebvre concluded, "are contrary to the tradition and the teachings of the Church."

The appearance of Lefebvre in the salon of the Rospigliosi Palace, only a few yards away from the Quirinale (the Italian Presidential Palace) in the heart of the Eternal City, has both religious and political repercussions. Lefebvre's speech, uttered in the Holy City itself, was certainly an open challenge to the Pope's authority. He in effect invited his followers to disobey the Pope who was putting into practice the principles of Vatican II. "It is not legitimate," he said, "to obey those who are working to diminish the faith or to make it disappear." For the Catholic integralists, Lefebvre represents the last attempt to turn back the clock to the time of the Counter-Reformation and the Council of Trent, a last-minute attempt to revive the traditions of the Sapinière, a clandestine organization working against Church reform that was condemned by the Pope at the beginning of this century.

Lefebvre, however, also has a political attraction. For the Roman aristocracy who accepted the invitation of the Princess Pallavicini despite the condemnation of the initiative by the vicar of Rome, Ugo Cardinal Poletti, Lefebvre offers an ideological banner under which they can gather. Excluded as a privileged class from the Vatican in 1964 when Paul VI dissolved the Papal noble guard, the Roman nobility—once called the "black nobility" because of their support of the Pope against the monarchy and now because of their open sympathies for the neo-Fascists—also dream of turning back the clock, back to the time of the *ancien régime*, back to the traditions of the Action Française.

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"The more one sees the roots from which Lefebvre's movement springs, the more one has—from an historical point of view—a feeling of distance and detachment from his revolt, as from a thing already dead," said Pietro Scoppola, a progressive Catholic historian, in a recent article in *Corriere della Sera*. "This sense of detachment is more profound for the believer: the tradition which Lefebvre claims to represent is only a segment of the past, a moment which he isolates from the life of the Church of our time and of the great experience of the Council."

Lefebvre, of course, is right. They *have* changed his religion, a religion of rigid tradition that refuses to accept the changing world. The world is no longer the world of the Papal noble guard dressed in white trousers, tall boots, embroidered red tunics with gold buttons and sashes and plumed helmets. Lefebvre and the princes and princesses, marquis and marquises, counts and countesses, barons and boronesses who gather around him belong to a world that no longer exists. Trying to call back the ghosts of the past, the lefebvrians and the "black nobility" are at best a source of folklore and at worst a pole of attraction for reactionary movements across Europe and South America. They are at any rate living symbols of the drama—and the evolution—that both the Church and the civil society have experienced in the last centuries.

MARGO HAMMOND

(*Margo Hammond, a previous contributor who writes regularly for the* Christian Science Monitor *and other publications, is an American freelance writer based in Rome.*)

COMMON FUND

RICH WORLD, POOR WORLD

The recent failure of the Geneva Common Fund for Commodities Conference means that rich world-poor relations embark on a tense and uncertain stage. The third world is angry and frustrated about the lack of progress at the Conference which was held as a follow-up to last year's UN Trade and Development Conference in Nairobi. UNCTAD 4 ended with a resolution which said "steps will be taken towards the negotiation of a common fund."

"No steps, no negotiation," characterized the Geneva Conference. Both the West and the Group of 77 (now 114) developing countries stuck rigidly to their point of view and refused to move. The Conference ended on a note of bitterness with no agreement on a final statement and with no date fixed for a future meeting.

The issue now is whether a sterile clash between rich and poor countries can be avoided. Is cooperation between the two sides possible or is the future to be marked by confrontation? That is the question, and it was made even more urgent by the subsequent failure of the Paris Conference on International Economic Cooperation at which Secretary of State Cyrus Vance represented the United States.

The common fund is seen by the third world as a step on the way to an international economic order which is more tuned in to its needs. Its members see the fund as the acid test of whether rich countries are prepared to cooperate with them in the building of that order.

The Group of 77 want a $6000 million common fund to act as the "central source" of commodity finance. They seek two accounts to this fund, one to finance buffer stocks of up to 18 raw commodities and so stabilize prices; the other to finance measures to help them diversify their economies away from dependence on cash crops and minerals. African countries are especially keen on the diversification account.

Western countries cannot accept that the fund should be the "central source" of finance. The West does not like the idea of such a vast common fund because it believes it might lead to an unacceptable degree of intervention in world trade market forces. However the West did agree to consider *a* fund—its member-nations too have an interest in steadier commodity prices!

In the early stages of the Geneva Conference, the Head of the U.S. delegation, Mr. Stephen Bosworth, said that the Carter administration accepted the principle of a common fund. This was seen by the 77 as an encouraging step forward from the U.S. position at UNCTAD 4 when the Ford administration had seemed implacably opposed to the fund idea. The 77 also found encouragement in the EEC position. EEC Heads of Government had agreed at their March summit meeting that "there should be a fund."

But as the Geneva Conference dragged on, it became clear that a common fund means many things—and it can mean virtually nothing. The nations of the third world have the idea of a common fund as something which is set up quickly, in advance of negotiations on individual commodities. They maintain that lack of finance is the chief factor which has so far largely hindered commodity agreements from getting off the ground. But the West takes the view—sign the commodity agreements *first* —and then talk about fin-

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ance. To the third world that misses the point that it's lack of finance that stops producers and consumers from signing agreements.

In the later stages of the Geneva Conference, the U.S. also made it clear that it believes talk of establishing a fund now is premature. In the U.S. view there are many technical points which need to be thrashed out and a lot of detailed work to be done before any kind of fund can be considered. Canada, Japan and Australia back the U.S. line.

Members of the Group of 77 are distinctly unhappy about any watering down of their concept of the fund. They want *the* common fund, not *a* common fund. "We looked for a tiger," an East African delegate told me in Geneva; "they offer us a mouse." The tragedy was that little hard negotiation took place to find an animal in the middle. Somewhere between a mouse and a tiger, there just might be an efficient donkey that is acceptable to both sides. The search for that donkey is now a matter of some urgency if rich-poor relations are not to deteriorate into bitter confrontation.

Third world delegates were stressing in Geneva that they really doubt the value of international conferences which get bogged down, as they see it, in technicalities and miss essential principles. Mr. J.P. Patterson, the Jamaican Foreign Minister, said shortly after the Conference ended that the patience of the developing world was wearing thin. The 77 are now expected to seriously consider whether they might do better to "go it alone." They recognize that a common fund would not work without the trading heavyweights of the U.S., the EEC and Japan.

But at the same time, the third world nations are well aware that they possess a considerable degree of latent power if they can organize themselves to use it. The aim of the common fund is to stabilize and eventually improve their export earnings from commodities. Some third world countries feel that producer action might be able to do that more effectively.

The rise in the world price of coffee has, for example, shown what happens if the output of a cash crop is cut back. Although a proportion of that price rise is due to speculation, the current 25 percent or so cutback in coffee output has led to an 800 percent increase in price. End result: substantially higher revenue from the lower output. If coffee producers agreed together to permanently reduce coffee acreages by a certain percentage, they could probably achieve a substantial long-term increase in earnings. They would, it is true, have to overcome many difficulties among themselves in order to do that, but the failure of the Geneva talks just might have given them more will to try.

It may be argued that producer cartels would not work, but attempts to operate a cartel could themselves cause considerable uncertainty in world markets, and at worst lead to a trade war, in which no one, rich or poor, would benefit.

If the third world nations are not to see confrontation as the way forward, they need some convincing that the West has the political will to cooperate in finding a solution to commodity trade. Some third world delegates were ready to admit in Geneva that their own concept of the common fund is not technically perfect. They might be willing to settle for an efficient donkey if one can be put on the road fairly quickly.

In what form? In Geneva the U.S. was floating the idea, behind the scenes, of a common fund acting as the fourth window of the World Bank. At first, this suggestion positively horrified the 77, who want the new fund to be independent of existing institutions. But a trade-off could be possible.

The third world just might agree to giving up the idea of an independent fund, and allow it to operate as the fourth window of the Bank, if they received three things in return. First, that they are given an assurance of a large say in the management and control of the fund. Second, that the fund has a substantial account for diversification purposes. Third, that the Bank guarantees that no commodity buffer stock be held up because of lack of finance. It is being noted that probably only five out of the 18 UCTAD commodities are suitable for buffer stocks. There is already a stock of tin and of the remaining commodities, only cocoa, coffee, rubber and copper are really suitable.

An agreement like this might perhaps be the "efficient donkey" that bumps the world along the path of cooperation and not confrontation. Concerted attempts over the next crucial few months to reach agreement could pay dividends.

Fears expressed about a common fund interfering with market forces need to be put into perspective. Domestic producers in the West, farmers for example, receive a considerable amount of shielding from market forces in the form of price guarantees etc., but third world producers are usually subject to the full icy blast of market forces. Something of a double standard operates. The cynic might say that domestic producers have votes, third world producers don't, not in the West anyway. But third world producers do have latent sanctions, and the West would be foolish to ignore that.

It is unfortunate that President Carter's first few months in the White House have been marked by a worsening of the relationship between rich and poor countries, but a new initiative from the U.S. could do much to heal the rift. We are now at something of a major crossroads. An efficient donkey is worth seeking.

JOHN MADELEY

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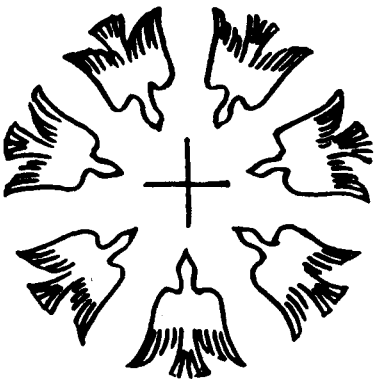
ON THE ORDINATION OF WOMEN

MICHAEL NOVAK



The Vatican has chosen a prudent and authentically Catholic course

Much of the weight of the argument for the ordination of women rests upon one's reading of the "signs of the times," upon one's ability to "discern the Spirit." It rests, in particular, upon one's interpretation of the moral and humane health of "the movement." If one judges that "the sisters" are essentially an advance-guard for the slower members of the human race or if, instead, one judges that "the sisters" carry with them, too, some of the diseases of the times, one's judgment is likely to be significantly different.

The hidden premise of most contemporary theological arguments is that in "the development of doctrine," God is speaking through current events, insights, and movements. But, of course, false prophets are eloquent as well. Is "women's liberation" a moral, or a regressive movement? Is "the ordination of women" a Christian, or a worldly demand? The challenge of the hidden premise must be faced. The world does not always "develop" morally.

It is not necessary, of course, to attempt to answer such difficult questions in a short space. It is quite necessary, in a small quiet space in the surrounding din, at least to raise them. When otherwise critical, even cynical, people accept the passions of the moment at face value, a deepening of argument is called for.

I have written earlier about a dual-sex ordination [*Commonweal*, Dec. 17, 1976] but certain ways of approaching these questions seem to be both heterodox and lacking in integral humanism.

There are three aspects of the women's movement that deserve special theological inquiry. (1) In what way is its anthropology not gnostic? (2) In what way is it not antinomian? (3) In what way is it not morally fixated upon questions of power?

Consider each of these in turn. The fundamental drive of gnosticism is to deny sexual differentiation and the ordinary, obvious demands of human flesh, in favor of a spiritualized, sexually undifferentiated view of human nature. If it is not limpidly clear that women are not men, and men not women, then nothing is clear. Gnosticism, nonetheless, would like to make as little of this differentiation as possible.

The spirit of antinomianism tends to follow gnosticism. Enormous contempt, based upon hostility and anger, is spewed upon laws and structures, forms and boundaries. The spirit of antinomianism is generic rather than specific. Its drive is totalistic, not limited. "All of history," "the whole pattern of institutions," must be re-done. The primary energy is not aimed at new modesty, new limits, new boundaries, but at the removal of the old.

Thirdly, the worldly spirit is concerned with power (even under the euphemism of "the power to shape the decisions that affect one's life"). It is on this point that theologians, particularly in the Catholic tradition, ought to dwell for a moment, before rushing to one side or the other.

For it is an oddity of the present moment that men (a) are not rushing into holy orders, these days; and (b) that even those who are in holy orders are often left wondering what, precisely, it is that has been added to their lives by these orders. Do such orders identify one more closely with the poor, or make one more effective in tending to the sick, or enhance one's pedagogical skills in the classroom, or make one a better

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counselor? It is possible that they do. Yet one is hard pressed to recall any recent writings on the subject.

Consider: ours is not a period, either theologically or in popular culture, distinguished by its respect for the grace and efficacy of the sacrament of holy orders. Most descriptions of the priest favor his role as "servant" of the people and lay special emphasis, not upon the ontology of grace (the emphasis of a bygone age), but upon the primacy of social service. Ordination, qua ordination, is virtually without meaning.

In other words, just at a time when ordination is held in the lowest esteem it has been held in many generations, some women ardently desire it. One wonders why. One listens in vain for the sacramental theology that underlies such a desire. Does it suggest a rebirth of more ancient respect for the sacramental efficacy of holy orders?

As a Catholic of liberal mind and conservative temperament, I see no difficulty at all in the ordination of women ministers in Protestant churches. The ministerial roles are roles of service, and the sole judgments to be made about them are pragmatic: how well is the work done, the service performed? The judgment is *ex opere operante,* as the old books used to say: it depends simply upon the work of the worker. Perhaps this is the real spirit behind the ordination of women.

I am not, to be sure, perfectly certain where the Episcopal church stands with respect to sacramental theology. It appears to be torn somewhat in the "low church," somewhat in the "high church," direction. That is, it appears at times to veer toward a conception of orders in which the priest is little more than a minister, and at times to veer toward the ancient Catholic conception of "orders"—of a jump in sacramental efficacy, conferred by God in a mystical and unnatural way, independently of the human work of the worker.

There is a major source of confusion embedded in the traditions of the Roman Catholic Church. A sharp distinction is preserved between the sacramental efficacy of holy orders and the merely juridical power of administration. In practice, only the pool of persons in holy orders has been drawn upon for administrative positions. Priesthood has been overlaid with clericalism. In practice, up until the present (not without exception, like the administrative power invested in abbesses, presidents of women's colleges, and the like), the two quite distinct lines of sacramental efficacy and administrative power have been joined. This practice, of course, is particularly frustrating to many women, and to many men, as well.

In altering this practice, many opponents of clericalism, both men and women, can be and are joined as comrades. The men wish to sharpen the difference between sacramental priesthood and clericalism, rescuing the former from the heavy hand of the latter. The women wish to open up the administrative powers of clericalism to more women. In order to do this, it sometimes seems that the sacramental ordination of women is the only practicable way. But it is not, in fact, the only way.

One can imagine a Catholic Church opening up the administrative power of clericalism to men and women alike. Nothing in sound theology would prevent this. Indeed, sacramental theology would be immediately enhanced by such a development. The distinction between sacramental orders and administrative clericalism would be made more visible.

The question of the admission of women to all but one of the ranks of holy orders is also an easy one to solve. These are strong traditions arguing for the ordination of women as acolytes, lectors, exorcists and deacons.

The sole serious question arises about the conferring of one rank of holy orders—the priesthood—upon women. Such a change would mark a profound breach of every tradition. Women recognized as abbesses and as prioresses, as saints and as doctors of the Church, and even the women closest to Jesus and to the apostles, have never in history been so ordained. And not by inadvertence. The restriction was explicit, universal, and canonized from earliest times.

One faces here a basic watershed. One might argue that this tradition was "culturally conditioned," i.e., due to an inferior state of Christian perception. Or one can argue that something fundamental and unalterable is at stake. The difficulty for those who hold the latter position is that, for the most part, they can "feel" the importance of their position, but find it difficult to find conclusive arguments for it. The difficulty for those who hold the former position is that they seem to be asserting their own moral superiority over those who have preceded them. And, to those on both sides, the motives of the other are suspect.

If I could be convinced that the signs of Christian holiness were the moving forces behind the desire of some women to be ordained, I would be inclined, to say the least, to be open toward the voice of God. More than that, I would be eager to support those modest experiments in praxis that might allow the entire Catholic people to become convinced through experience about the workings of God. I have put forth a significant practical proposal of this sort.

At the present moment, however, I believe that the Vatican has chosen not only a prudent course but the authentically Catholic course. The selection of males alone as eligible for one role among the Christian people —the sole bearers of the marks of priesthood—is a bulwark against gnosticism. The flesh does make a difference, a difference worth defending, crucial to defend, for men and for women alike.

One opinion alone, of course, counts for very little in the vitality of the Catholic people. Rome is our center, now as ever. We fight with Rome, argue, provoke, and

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are provoked—but, in the end, we go together, down through the ages. Meanwhile, those who disagree on this issue should keep arguing. On this perhaps evanescent, perhaps long-term, issue, persons oriented toward two different poles tend to divide. We might as well get used to the divisions.

In general, those who emphasize the liberations of Christianity, its impulse to free us from various earthly constraints, tend to believe that the ordination of women will lead us to a higher plane of spiritual awareness, beyond the confines of mere flesh. Those who tend to emphasize the incarnational structure of Christianity, tend to believe that the singular ordination of males is a typical and critical lesson in how to find transcendence within the bonds and the limits of the flesh. Typically, Christianity makes high what was low, and low what was high, and operates by standards opposite to worldly standards. It is a scandal to the enlightened of every age.

In Italy, where I once studied, urchins in the streets shouted "petticoats!" at priests, who always wore "skirts" (cassocks). Against the conventional image of the male, the priesthood was a sign of contradiction. That the priesthood should continue to be a sign of contradiction to the power-oriented female stands not in the least outside the ancient and honorable tradition. Those who argue in terms of "equality of power" prove their position not to be Christian, as do those who believe ordination makes any male—or the male in general—superior.

THE HIDDEN REVOLUTION

JOHN L. STIPP

The anti-war movement was more than a passing protest

The cultural explosion of the Sixties erupted along four fronts. Those that involved blacks, women and sexual attitudes and behavior are generally accepted as bona fide revolutions. The peace revolution, or fourth front, is not. For one thing, many Americans see the anti-war movement of the Sixties as a passing protest of youth, basically prompted by self-serving interests. Young men simply did not want to fight and die in a far off land in a war of obscure origins and purposes. When the lottery system liberalized the draft the peace movement visibly weakened. When even the liberalized draft was suspended in favor of an all-volunteer army the ranks of war-protesters thinned almost to the vanishing point.

Even more telling, for those who argue its superficiality, the peace movement at no time achieved ground swell dimensions among the general populace. The common feeling seemed to be that although war is deeply deplorable it is no less deeply human. Truly like death and taxes, it is actually or potentially always with us, an ineradicable part of the human experience. This makes the very concept—revolution against war—silly; sadly so, perhaps, but so nonetheless. The United States Congress seemed, even during the rolling Sixties, to reflect this sentiment. Despite the noisy antics of youthful dissenters, Congress at no time showed signs of dismantling the Pentagon. On the contrary, the military establishment grew and continues to grow ever larger (there are today more general officers in the armed forces than there were during World War II).

How, then, can even dedicated pacifists insist that a peace revolution was generated during the Sixties, and is at work today? Profound changes in racial relations, yes. Great strides in the liberation of women, yes. Serious rending of the fig-leaf way of life, yes. Rise of a warless world—hardly.

Those who believe in the reality of the fourth front agree that the lottery draft and its subsequent suspension weakened the drive of youth against both the war and the war system. They agree, too, that America's famous silent majority and the Congress it elects are firmly opposed to serious tampering with our present macho military machine. At least in this instance the bumper stickers that stridently read "America—Love It or Leave It" probably did and still do represent the sentiments of the country at large. But fourth fronters believe that although such evidence is real enough, it is overbalanced by conditions and developments destined to mold tomorrow for all their being little perceived today.

For one thing, the war-protesters were more sincere than self-serving (as they were in the earlier race struggles that they spearheaded). Their behavior was indeed the behavior of idealist revolutionaries. People who basically seek to serve their own interests don't

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openly flout honored traditions to do it. They don't work for and take part in mass demonstrations that invite popular denunciation and reduction of employment opportunities, to say nothing of police clubbings and macing. They don't participate in dangerous acts of civil resistance that lead to arrest and imprisonment. This is not to say, of course, that the youthful demonstrators were unfeeling about their own prospects of being given a gun and sent to the rice paddies of Vietnam; the contrary is surely closer to the truth. It is rather to say that both motives moved the dissenters, with revolutionary idealism being the dominant one.

Supporting evidence is found in the historic record or, more precisely, what is *not* found in the historic record. During the American Revolution many Tories fled to Canada and other countries, but not because of anti-war feelings. They fled to get away from an independent "Patriot" society that had severed the English bonds they loved. From abroad many of them actively supported the British cause. The famous New York City Civil War riots against the draft were not riots against war per se, but against Lincoln and Lincoln's notion of what the Union ought to be. In World War I some young men registered as conscientious objectors; more did so in World War II. But at neither time were their numbers very large nor their views supported by a substantial portion of the public. Even the Korean War, least supported of American wars up to the Vietnam War, provoked no mass marches on the home front and no *large-scale* desertions on the fighting front. In short, by showing nothing like the mass actions of the Sixties, the historic record underscores their historic breakthrough nature.

Also revealing the movement's revolutionary nature is the duration of its active, agitation phase. Historians have no calculus that enables them to determine the precise phase-marks of large-scale human behavior, but often they can reasonably approximate them. Thus gauged, the opening phase of the peace revolution may be said to have achieved movement status by 1965. In that year it prompted nationwide demonstrations of various kinds—marches, vigils, teach-ins, etc. From then until 1970 or 1971 the movement steadily grew in numbers, scope, intensity and influence. Objection may be made to judging as "extended" a series of actions covering no more than a half dozen years. But this overlooks an elementary fact of revolutionary life, namely, that *initial, pivotal* revolutionary acts never extend much beyond five or six years. The French Revolution is a classic example. Within a span of five years—1789-1794—the Old Regime that had existed across the centuries was torn asunder. Many more years were needed before a permanent substitute was found—the Third Republic and its successors—but the crucial, revolutionary breakthrough was of relatively brief duration. The same is true of the Russian Revolution (1917-1922).

A third condition marks, for the fourth fronters, the Sixties' strike as truly revolutionary. It is the protester's blunt negation of war as an instrument of national policy or, more simply put, the rejection of mass killing as a way of settling international disputes. Admittedly the evidence here is not the kind that trial lawyers are happy with. For some five years hundreds of thousands of young people and their adult allies rampaged for peace. But even granting the sincerity of the rampagers, was not their real target cessation of fighting in Vietnam rather than abolition of the war system?

Reasonable arguments support both positions. The available data, in truth, are sufficient neither in quantity nor objectiveness to sustain either position beyond reasonable doubt. The whole question has the ambivalence that once surrounded the question of how the universe was created. In that controversy Gamow and his followers argued for the explosion or "Big Bang" theory. Hoyle and a number of other astro-physicists argued for the steady-state theory. Diametrically opposed to

each other, both theses made frustrating sense. In recent years the collection of new data has allowed Gamow to claim, and most astro-physicists to agree that his Big Bang hypothesis has passed beyond serious argument into the realm of probable "law." Some day historians undoubtedly will be able to speak more or less flatly on the present question. Until then the Gamows and the Hoyles of the history fraternity will argue their own interpretations.

The following "refugee" evidence, obviously subjective, is offered in support of the peace revolution position. It comes from an academician who studied the new life conditions and attitudes of a few of the young men who fled to Canada during the Vietnam War (and who, paradoxically, insists in his study that they were certainly not revolutionaries; but he uses the term in a far more general sense than it is used in the context of this article). No one knows how many refugees of this sort there are; somewhere between 60,000 and 100,000 is not an improbable figure. The academician, Kenneth F. Emerick of Clarion College in Pennsylvania, interviewed a number of the exiles and published his findings in a slim volume entitled *War Resisters Canada* (Knox,

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Pennsylvania Free Press, 1972). He came to believe that the refugees did not leave the country "merely as a reaction to the draft, military service in Vietnam or the war in Indo-China [though] these . . . were the immediate provocations." Rather his view, he said, could be summed up in the (none too grammatical) words of one of his friends in Canada:

> The people coming up here are not hardcore radicals by any means, or people who left the States because it's the greatest political move of their lives —just guys who are fed up with the old system— often they are fellows who haven't thought it through very much in moral or ethical terms, but people who realize something is drastically wrong— sometimes guys who can't understand what is wrong—people who are trying to find a new life.

Emerick's interviews included these questions and responses:

> "Do you think your action will have any influence in the United States?"
>
> *Mont:* I hope so, but I wouldn't go out of my way to persuade anyone to my thinking. Hell, if they can't figure it out for themselves then what good would it do for me to bother. I could go back and talk to a hundred people and convince them, but somebody else will come along and do exactly the reverse. That's what's wrong with people—they can't think for themselves.
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> * * *
>
> *Bill:* This is a very important part of my reason for coming. . . . The fact that so many thousands have said that what the States has to offer and what they are doing just isn't acceptable to me— I've got to look for something better. If anybody in the States has any kind of head on his shoulders —if he's at all open—he's got to see that there are reasons for this. They've got to question this and see what kind of an effect it's having on their young people.
>
> * * *
>
> "How do you react to the charge that your action was one of 'cowardice'—that if you had been sincere you would have remained in the United States either to accept the consequences or to attempt to change U. S. policies?"
>
> *Rick:* I don't think it was cowardly. It was simply a decision to start life somewhere else and not kill people. It was a personal decision—not against the United States. I wouldn't kill for my country.*
>
> *Joe:* To people like that I can only offer my sympathy. There is no reason for that. It's unnecessary. If you don't like something and you know as sure as hell that you can't change it, why break your back and waste all the time and effort that you could use to build yourself a new life. Lord knows you're going to need the time.
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> * * *
>
> "Some Americans would consider you a hero while others would use such adjectives as 'disloyal,' 'treasonous,' etc. What is your reaction to such conclusions?"
>
> *Tobey:* I'm about as heroic as a stick of mud. I don't feel heroic, and I wouldn't buy much of that. As far as the unpatriotic stuff, that's part of the whole sickness. It's unpatriotic to them, but I've decided I'm no longer going to be one of them. I'm going to become a Canadian citizen, so I'm no longer 'unpatriotic.' The real patriots in the States are people like Senator Hughes and the Resistance who are trying to keep the United States, and the *Constitution.* the *Constitution.* For example, the military code of justice has nothing to do with the *Constitution.* Once you're in the military you lose all rights as a citizen. You're a subject of the Army or whatever.
>
> *Wally:* They probably wouldn't think it so heroic if they had to do it because it simply becomes a process of going and settling here because it is that easy to do. It could be heroic in the sense that some people are outright persecuted for resisting the whole Selective Service system, and put into prison because they don't want to kill.
>
> *Vaino:* I can't accept it as a brave move or a sacrifice, but it's something that I had to do regardless. I came up here not on the fear of being killed, but a fear of killing. I don't accept the concept of country. I don't accept the concept that one owes something to a country because you were born there.
>
> * * *
>
> "Do you have any regrets over leaving the country?"
>
> *Dennis:* I wish I had come when I was eighteen. I wish I had never registered for the draft and stayed and tried to make some kind of case out of it. Some people had the idea I should have stayed and gone to prison, but I'm not cut out to languish in some crummy military jail. It would be nice if my family could accept my point of view, and I'm sorry they couldn't, but I think eventually they will see my viewpoint.
>
> *Bill:* Whenever you do something which is very much against the mores and values of your culture, you invariably get a guilty feeling. This is natural, and I think you have to deal with it. You have to say, 'Alright, I feel guilty in the sense I'm committing a crime, but there are reasons for both. I have different values and I don't share the values of my culture, but as an individual, and in my order of priorities, what I'm doing is right and proper. I am

*Emerick points out here Allen Ginsburg's comment "that young people today are not unwilling to die for their country, but are simply unwilling to kill for it."

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doing what I would have all people do. If I feel a little guilty about it, well then, I have to accept that.

Tobey: My sadness is that my country is sick; the sadness you feel for someone who is insane. That person doesn't realize they're insane because they're so far gone. They feel hurt sometimes and they don't know why they feel hurt. They feel pushed around, but they don't know why they feel pushed around. Their whole logic is disoriented. I think the United States is very sick, and it's a sad thing to see. It's much clearer up here on a Canadian stool how deathly ill it is. It hurts me because I didn't really do anything to help, but I don't think I could do anything. I'm really very dismayed about my country.

Other evidence, still far from concrete and conclusive, points to the revolutionary nature of the peace movement. In American colleges the long-established ROTC program is having trouble keeping alive. In the mid-seventies, it is true, ROTC advocates claimed the decline of the Sixties over and "RO" saved. The phasing-out process, begun around 1965, did indeed somewhat level off. But the overall condition of the reserve officers training program does not support "saved" claims. A then and now comparison from the vantage point of my own campus is illustrative of the change.

In 1955-1956 nearly 70 percent of the male students were enrolled in ROTC; the Wednesday drill saw young men in uniform all over the place. Last year (academic 1975-1976) one had to be on special alert to see them anywhere except on the drill ground itself. And the percentage of overall enrollment in ROTC courses had dropped from around 70 percent to under 5 percent. Other colleges, of course, have other ranges; but across the country the level of change probably has not even approached the "saved" mark. At the Ohio State University, for example, the president's office announced this Fall an increase in RO enrollment; what it did not add, however, was that even with the increase less than 4 percent of the male population was involved in the program.

The suspension of the draft and the development of a volunteer army are further evidence of profoundly changed conditions. To argue that the new army is as large as the old is a kind of special pleading. The generous pay raises and almost overly generous fringe benefits have naturally appealed to many blue collar and black youth suffering from a severe and sustained freeze in the civilian job market. Apart from the technical question of whether a professional army is a more effective fighting force than a "citizen" army, there is the larger question of what the change means concerning young people's feelings about the war system itself. Fourth Fronters believe that it signifies repudiation of that system.

But by far the most significant revolutionary force at work was and is a state of mind. Somewhere in the 1960s young people found themselves nurturing modes of thought productive of values and behavior fundamentally alien to revered, established ways of life. Despite endless talk about, and solemn studies made of, the widening generation gap, most of their elders did not then and do not now sense, let alone understand, either the nature or real meaning of this metamorphosis. Admittedly the early signs were none too clear. Adults saw youth go hirsute, adopt androgynous attire, revel in rock music madness. They too often saw their children tune in to the mystic vibes of the world of hallucinogenic drugs. They lifted eyebrows as some took up communal lifestyles that violated traditional morals and mores. They saw flower children bedeck the rifles of national guardsmen with bright garlands, and Weathermen blow up buildings. What they did not see, and apparently still do not see, is the profound rejection of a traditionally bound, limited outlook that is unable to catch even fleetingly the emerging vision of a new society too humane to tolerate longer the use of war as an instrument of national policy. And at the same time youth became aware, however dimly, of the mounting frustration their elders felt as they faced problems beyond their ability to manage or often even to recognize.

In the generation confrontation that followed a new value pattern emerged. Two facets of the new pattern lie at the heart of the hidden revolution. Like their forebears, the adult generations (of both middle and post-middle ages) believe that war is an unchangeable part of human existence. They share, in Jerome Frank's words, a "world-wide hypnotic fixation on violence as the ultimate arbiter of conflict"—and therefore agree with their buttoned-down crises managers that there is an unending need to negotiate world problems only, or at least basically, from fire-power strength. Many youth, far from being so minded, are ready to test these so-called verities.

The second pair of contrasting views is closely related to the first. Most adults cannot envision life in terms that do not allow them to believe that their nation is and must behave as a completely sovereign unit. Many youth can and do. This is not to say, of course, that their minds are closed to the notion of either the reality or the propriety of patriotic sentiments. Except for an unrepresentative few Amerika-haters—and, as we have seen, those who felt forced to flee in Vietnam days for reasons of conscience and convictions—the youth of America feel the pull of patriotism. They just don't believe that this feeling, real and deep running as it is, enjoins them and their fellow countrymen to behave as though they are God's chosen people destined to lead lesser breeds into an American paradise. It follows that they don't believe that we, or any other people, are a

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sacred community accountable only to ourselves. Unlike *their* forebears, they are fundamentally one-worlders.

Several of the architects of the nuclear bomb had, as is generally known, strong second thoughts. One of them, Albert Einstein, said, "The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything save our modes of thinking, and thus we drift toward unparalleled catastrophe." The hidden peace revolution is countering this drift, though surface conditions belie it. The idealism of youth has been weakened first by the macing and clubbing of the Nixon law-and-order regime, and then by the moral weariness that follows every season of well-doing. But the rhythm of revolution is at work. We are today roughly where western Europe was in the years after Waterloo. Then Metternichean reaction was busy turning back the cultural clock. The Bourbons returned, autocracy revived, revolutionaries either quietly licked their wounds or escaped into romantic dream worlds. "Restoration" reigned. But in the following decades, after a series of revolutionary flare-ups, new repressions—"seasons of dismay"—and renewed flare-ups, the revolution finally overpowered where it did not completely destroy the monarchical principle that was the main target of the French revolutionists and that had for centuries set the tone and general conditions of life for western European society.

Today, as in post-Napoleonic times, a season of dismay is upon us. Reactionary "conservatism" is in the air. Political leaders tiptoe around ground once prepared for new frontiers and great societies. The wave of the past laps around us. But the peace revolution of the Sixties is dormant, not dead. However distressing it may prove to flag-waving patriots, the war system is finished. Tomorrow's world is the world of the children of the new modes of thought. Though only passively now, they are shaping into coming reality the substance of the pacifist cliché: Someday a war will be declared and nobody will come. That day, fourth fronters insist, is closer than our so-called hard-nosed realists can ever know.

COME HOME TO MAYA

THE STAGE

The day after I came back from the Kennedy Center and a look at Arthur Miller's first new play in five years, *The Archbishop's Ceiling*, the *New York Times* carried a story about Pavel Kohout's loss of his home in Prague, the most recent move by the government in its attempt to isolate the playwright from the intellectual and theatrical world outside Czechoslovakia. Miller's play, which is set in an unnamed European capital in which the line between literary and political acts has disappeared, is timely, then, but unhappily it would have been timely almost any week since the end of World War II.

Sigmund, Miller's protagonist, is a celebrated novelist, published abroad, banned at home, who has written a public letter to the United Nations which has so incensed the government that he must finally choose between exile and a trial for treason. Implicated in his dilemma and his choice are three friends or former friends: Maya, an actress blacklisted in films because of a speech she once made at the Cannes Film Festival, who loves and is loved by Sigmund although their affair has come to an end to protect the novelist's wife; Marcus, an older novelist, who spent five years in prison in Stalinist days but has since made an uncomfortable accommodation with authority and who is jealous of Sigmund as artist and lover; Adrian, an American novelist, ill-at-ease with his own success, who turns to this beleaguered country in search of something—perhaps, as Maya says, limitations to his freedom. On the sidelines (literally, since most of his scenes are played standing at the edge of the stage talking on the telephone) is Martin, a critic who is also errand boy for the forces who would destroy an artist he admires.

At the end of the play, Sigmund forces Marcus to voice his support of the UN letter in a room that is probably bugged and, having decided to stay, Sigmund, then Maya and Adrian, each carrying part of Sigmund's new novel, go out to face probable arrest, certain danger. Some of Miller's most recent plays—*After the Fall, The Price*—end in muted affirmation, but not since *The Crucible* in 1953, in which John Proctor elects death over false confession, has the playwright written so romantic a curtain for a play seriously concerned with moral choices. For Miller, presumably, the romantic choice is the only practical one, although the case in the new play is not as black-and-white as that in *The Crucible*. The four main characters in *The Archbishop's Ceiling* do not act out of political necessity alone; they are moved in various degrees by artistic vanity, by professional jealousy, by sexual desire or resentment, by friendship or the longing for it. Sigmund's decision is reached during a long second act in which the crosstalk of mixed motivation obscures the neat sacrificial line that John Proctor walks so surely. The conflicting motivations are further confused by the uncertainty implicit in the play's title.

The action takes place in Marcus's apartment in a building which was once the Archbishop's palace. The assumption is that there is a microphone hidden in the ornate chandelier; the characters often talk directly to the light fixture—going on record, so to speak—instead of to one another. The equivocal nature of the Archbishop's ceiling (Adrian likens the possible hidden microphone to a watchful God whose existence is in

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doubt) is the play's metaphor for an atmosphere in which no one is sure of anyone else (did Marcus set up Sigmund for arrest?) or even of his own actions (does Adrian, in coming to the country, inadvertently do what the government wants?). The suggestion is that the final horror of the situation is not that freedom is openly destroyed, but that it is so hedged by uncertainty that straightforward action becomes impossible and one's identity is called into doubt. Given the context, even the grand gesture of Sigmund and the others may be the result of manipulation, a possibility that the play's last line, Marcus's remark about "a game," seems to confirm.

So far I have been discussing *The Archbishop's Ceiling* in the conventional terms one uses for Miller, a playwright of ideas whose characters edge into representative figures. With Maya, however, Miller may be on new ground. She seems not simply a character but a symbol—not for the author as much as for the three novelists in the play, each of whom has written a book about her. It would be tempting to see her as freedom entrapped or something like that, but I assume that she embodies homeland in its most complex sense, a loved and dangerous place whose presence—if only for the familiarity of language—is essential to the creative artist. Adrian, as outsider (only he of the three men has not had an affair with Maya, and even Martin was once her husband), has written a novel so false that he has destroyed the manuscript; in this situation, he can only look on with fascination and longing. Marcus's novel is apparently stylishly facile and has just become a tremendous success, in and out of the country; as a prize safe author, he has developed a superficial relationship with the country for which he once suffered and his need for Maya—which he expresses in sexual terms—provides his strongest motivation. Sigmund's novel is apparently his finest work, one that takes him beyond the satire by which he made his name, a double-voiced fiction in which the heroine is at once symbolic and touchingly human; his is the deepest commitment to Maya, but significantly the book is not yet finished. My neat explication of the character may not hold since, after all, *maya* means the power to create illusions, a definition with political and literary implications within the play but one that might also put critics on their guard. With the figure of Martin confronting us from the stage, we have to be sure whom we are serving.

Miller, I assume, intends *The Archbishop's Ceiling* as the dramatic equivalent of Sigmund's novel, as a work with both ideational and human validity. It is, as usual with Miller, a play heavy with ideas, one that seduces the viewer into the kind of discussion that these paragraphs contain. On the human level, it is less successful. The characters are complex in conception, richly endowed with biography, dangerously articulate, but they are trapped in the play as well as in the imaginary country. Just for a moment, John Cullum (as Sigmund) becomes a wicked little boy, preening himself on the praise his book has received from the men who confiscated it, and with that gesture, the actor reminds us that none of these characters has the dimensionality of Joe Keller, Willy Loman, Gregory Solomon. The author of *The Archbishop's Ceiling* is the internationally celebrated Arthur Miller, "the voice of conscience" to borrow the title of Harold Clurman's article in the program, but I will settle for the playwright of earlier days. Come home, Arthur Miller, and rediscover the American Maya.

GERALD WEALES

WAR IS SWELL

THE SCREEN

The summer season has opened with a couple of war movies that give new significance to that old filmmaker's saw about comedy being done in long shots and tragedy in close-up. It's not so much the camera range that demonstrates this truism in these two films as the historical perspective from which they are made. The tragedy is Richard Attenborough's *A Bridge Too Far*, which is a reprise of World War II. With a cast of thousands—and those are just the stars; if you count the extras in, the total must get up near a million—Attenborough's film recreates in relentless detail one of the most ambitious and disastrous Allied campaigns, the attempt to take by paratrooper assault the bridge across the Rhine at Arnhem, Holland. The other film, the comedy, is George Lucas's *Star Wars*, which contains only one star, Alec Guinness, and he's in a rather minor role at that. The war here is an inter-gallactic one occurring in approximately the same millennium when Tom Corbett became a space cadet. The Empire has launched a satellite, Death Star, with the capacity to destroy entire planets, and only a few errant members of the Rebellion can save the universe from this ultimate weapon.

Attenborough's film is about as long, as expensive and as pointless as World War II itself was. Well, maybe not the whole war, but at least that campaign to take the Arnhem bridge with which the movie deals. With the same certainty that one can presume the purpose of the Arnhem campaign was to cross the Rhine and end the war, the purpose of the movie is to say an unkind word about wars in general. This is to be gathered from the fact that, first, Attenborough has already made his anti-war sentiments clear in an earlier film, *Oh! What a Lovely War*, and, second, he has chosen to make this film about one of the greatest military fiascoes ever. The idea behind *A Bridge Too Far*

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is to make war hell by recreating its miscalculation and slaughter as fully, accurately and graphically as possible. The idea is, in other words, to create a tragedy with a close-up.

And there's little else to say, really. There's no possibility of considering the technique or style of Attenborough's work—if indeed it has any—because its failure inheres in the very idea behind it. The film's difficulties are philosophical rather than artistic. They exist in its assumptions, not just its conclusions. Attenborough's close-up gets so close to his subject that his film begins to seem what war itself must often seem first-hand—a mere processing of men and matériel, an administrative problem rather than a moral one. Attenborough himself obviously became so involved in restaging the campaign that he couldn't make value judgments about it any more effectively than the participants could at the time. The only blame he could imagine is that which the commander in the field probably assigns, the one based on resentment of those other commanders who don't actually take the field themselves but only plan campaigns from the safety of headquarters. Like the Arnhem campaign, *A Bridge Too Far* was so misconceived that it was doomed before it got started. The results, mounted on such a spectacular scale, and with such tediousness, are more likely to make us feel outrage at movies than at wars.

Lucas's *Star Wars*, on the other hand, takes the long view of history, and finds no moral in it whatsoever. If Attenborough lived too much in the recent past of the war itself while he was making his movie, he also lives too much in the present the rest of the time. Just as his movie becomes the captive of World War II, his original motive for making it was probably too much the captive of our own revulsion at war, brought on by Vietnam, to tell us anything we don't already know. But Lucas, like the hot-shot astronauts in his film, is more of a free agent. His film is propelled by a kind of Relativity Theory. He zooms through time from the remote future to the remote past as easily as *Star Wars*' rocket ships zoom through "hyper-space" from one end of the universe to the other at the speed of light.

An historical relativism really is the secret to Lucas's success. Instead of trying to apply the standards of the present to the past, as Attenborough has, Lucas applies the standards of the past to the future. Thus he makes a work of flawless escapism: it escapes the angst of the present altogether. While Lucas's characters live a millennium or two from now, much of their story seems to occur anywhere from a generation to a millennium ago. One of the film's heroes is the adopted son of pioneers who are massacred in an Indian-style raid on their homestead on an out-of-the-way planet. The other hero is an adventurer and soldier of fortune, a gun for hire. The heroine is a Princess, no less, and the villain is an appropriate nemesis for such royalty, the black-masked Lord Vader. Even "the Force," an *élan vital* usable only by the righteous, is made manifest in an ancient form, a hand-held laser beam wielded as if it were Excalibur.

Perhaps what frees *Star Wars* from the ponderousness of *A Bridge Too Far* is the fact that it deals not with history, but only with pop images of history. The historical panorama that it grafts onto the future really comes from a lot of Hollywood movies about the past rather than the past itself. One hero comes straight out of a Ford western, and the other out of a Bogart *film noir* (in fact, as he prepares to smuggle the Rebels away from a desert space port, the way Bogart smuggled the Free French off Martinique in *To Have and Have Not*, he even shoots an interloper right through a table top, the way Bogart shot Dan Seymour). But if there is any period *genre* Lucas's film seems to prefer, it is the Medieval. Besides being punctuated with adventures from *Robin Hood* and *Ivanhoe*, the film is pervaded in general by an atmosphere of knights in shining armor and a damsel in distress. Having set his film in the furthest imaginable future, Lucas has drawn his plot from the furthest historical past, or at least a reasonable Hollywood facsimile thereof.

The result of Lucas's efforts is to raise such questions as were never dreamt of in Richard Attenborough's philosophy: will the two heroes be able to rescue the Princess from the Death Star? Will they be able to use "the Force" to penetrate Death Star's defenses before it incinerates the Rebel planet? Will the universe be saved? Will we all be given decoder rings as we leave the theater? This is the second year in a row that the movie industry has managed to come up with a perfect summer-time film. Last year it was *Swashbuckler*, this year it's *Star Wars*. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

JAMES SULLIVAN

MEN ON TREES

"The husbandman will prune a tree
To concentrate its energy
On making fruit that he can reach."
Such lessons autodidacts teach.

"A tree will grow because it will,
Despite bad soil and winter chill,
And nobody can tell which seed
Will grow." This kind of thing you read

In books by men who stay indoors.
"This tree is mine. That one is yours."
That simple declaration is
By one who only thinks of his.

"I wonder what it is to be
A solid object like a tree
That seems to stay the same but grows?"
A man who asks that question, knows.

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NO LAUGHING MATTER

PETER STEINFELS

Capitalism is dead. Dead, finished, *kaput!* You may like this, you may not. But there's no use in denying the news. The news was revealed on page 3 of the Business Section of the June 5 *New York Times.*

No, it wasn't a story on the declining rate of profit, the capital shortage, or the energy crisis. It was a story about humor.

Corporate executives need humor. They need it to loosen up stockholders' meetings. They need it to clinch deals. They need it to overcome their nervousness in public meetings. They need it to lighten after-dinner speeches.

Where do executives get their humor. Of course. They buy it.

They buy it, in particular, from a man named Robert Orben. Robert Orben operates "the world's only humor service for business." He calls himself a "comedy consultant." That reminds me of a friend who attended an evening course he called his "comedy workshop." His wife called it a "joke class."

Take the nervous executive who has to open up a sticky stockholders' meeting. Mr. Orben gives him something to say, something like this: "Before I begin, I want you to know that I have always been a firm believer in preserving America's wildlife. In fact, at this very moment I'm standing here with a few dozen butterflies in my stomach."

Well, maybe it sounds better than it reads.

Public speaking, it turns out, is not the forte of many executives. And yet, as the *Times* Business Section tells us, "with the visibility of business leadership in the media increasing, executives often have to appear at public forums, before congressional hearings and at conventions." This is where Mr. Orben comes in. He advises his anxious business leaders to share their anxiety with the audience —but "with the urbanity [sic] of a Bob Hope." Here is an example: "Some people suffer from stage fright. I don't. The stage doesn't frighten me. It's the audience that scares the heck out of me."

Let me take this opportunity to predict a decline in congressional hearings. "Heck" is a particularly deft touch.

Should an executive encounter hecklers, and it is hard to imagine souls so surly and brash as not to be calmed or cowed by the formidable wit already displayed, then he can dip into what the *Times* calls "the Orben arsenal":

"Sir, to have an open mind doesn't mean you have to have an open mouth."

"I'd like to get on the right side of you, but I can't find it."

"I'd like to bend your ear for a moment—bend it with a baseball bat."

"Don't knock the rich. When was wit already displayed, they he can dip the last time you were hired by somebody poor?"

As the lady remarked to the vicar about his sermons, every one is better than the next.

Actually these comebacks work. An acquaintance of mine, call him Mr. B., tested them. He was finishing his best defense of price-fixing before a group of college students, and was about to explain why oil companies need to pay less taxes. A student loudly suggested that B. had dealt loosely with the evidence. "Sir," said B. firmly, "to have an open mind doesn't mean you have to have an open mouth." Well, the student was stunned, B. could see that. But the young man tried to interject another word. "Don't knock the rich," B. quipped. "When was the last time you were hired by somebody poor?" That did it. A peculiar look crept across the student's face, and he sat there thoughtfully for the rest of the talk. In fact the whole group became extraordinarily quiet and well behaved. And afterwards the very student who had been interrupting came up and helped my acquaintance with his coat, and all the students solicitously guided B. to his car. You see what the old Orben arsenal can do.

Mr. Orben is also topical. He has inflation jokes. ("They say kids don't know the value of a dollar. They certainly do know the value of a dollar. That's why they ask for five.") He has Concorde jokes. ("You have to feel a certain sympathy for the Concorde. I have a terrible time finding parking space in New York too.")

Even the Socialist Labor Party may have funnier lines than these.

Business pays for this: $250,000 a year for Mr. Orben's newsletter; up to $2,000 for a single speechmaking assignment. (Orben researches the audience's background, analyzes his client's personality, studies position papers, writes the entire speech, rehearses the client—obviously you can't tell those jokes just any old way —and keeps it all secret.) Business knows a winner when it sees one. Orben, the *Times* reports, "was a star of Gerald R. Ford's speech-writing staff."

Robert Orben looks forward to the day of "corporate jesters." As the *Times* puts it, "He feels that maybe every interoffice memo more than two paragraphs long should have a witty comment or two edited into the copy by a comedy clearance officer."

A comedy clearance officer! You see what I mean? Capitalism's dead and busted. Oh, it may stand around for a few years forcing a chuckle at Mr. Orben's latest thigh-slapper. But the end's in sight. Poor Marx! Poor Schumpeter! You never imagined it would be quite this ignominious. Not a bang, not a whimper. Just a bad joke.

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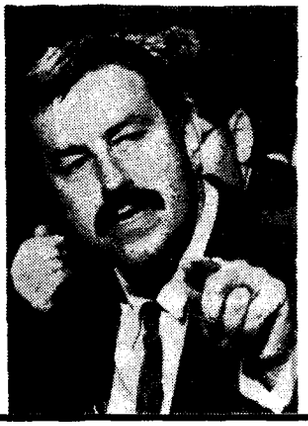
FLOUNDERING WITH GRASS

MARILYN MOORCROFT



Günter Grass stood amicably among his admirers, sipping Almaden wine and smoking a hand-rolled cigarette. His robust laugh could be heard across the room, over the dozen murmuring voices at the Weyhe Gallery, where his etchings were on display as part of the Berlin Festival.

Grass looks like his pictures, though an older version. There is the familiar walrus moustache that echoes itself in the self-portraits hanging near him, the arched eyebrows and narrow eyes, the strong nose, the dark hair that grows just over the back collar and falls to one side of his forehead. He is tieless in a brown suit and green, open-throated shirt. Except for his middle-age *Bauch*, he has a rugged, handsome appearance. He does not look a half-century old—he will be fifty on October 16.

He looks the archetypal artist, except that his fame is as a novelist: he has just completed the manuscript of a new book, *Der Butt* ("The Flounder"), to be published in Germany in August in time for the Frankfurt Book Fair. (The English translation, by Ralph Manheim, will follow in late '78 or early '79.)

Grass's New York appearance was a big event. His popular following in America goes back to the 1963 appearance of *The Tin Drum*, predated that of Nobel-prize-winning Heinrich Böll, and overshadows that of Uwe Johnson, who also appeared here as part of the Berlin Now festival and who seems to play Schiller to Grass's Goethe. Grass's was a whirlwind visit of four days. He is said to have balked at any local media coverage, including an invitation to appear on *Firing Line*. Lucky was the reporter who got any word with him at all.

"Herr Grass," I begin . . .

Grass looks up, startled.

No, he can't be interviewed. There is no time. You see, after four days he must go to Toronto. But he will answer questions now and after the reading. I hesitate. I've scrawled in my notebook questions about East and West Berlin, about Grass's friendship with ex-Chancellor Brandt for whom he campaigned, about "German-extraction" guilt, about feminism, about young German literati, about . . .

It is easiest to begin by pulling a clipping from my pocket, carefully preserved from the April 7 issue of *The New York Times*: "West German Youth Found to be Ignorant About Hitler Period." He and I are suddenly standing alone. No one else wants to deal with history at this sedate opening. He puts on his famous spectacles. I half-expect a snail to appear in one eye, just as in the etching over his shoulder. He glances at the article briefly and hands it back.

"But children don't know who Eisenhower was." His answer is startling. The men were hardly parallel historical figures. Or are they, in a child's mind? Perhaps Roosevelt would have been a better choice. But it is nevertheless a strange answer coming from one who has devoted so much of his energy to writing so that Germany would not forget—so that the world would not forget. And I say so.

"Yes, but children know only what their parents tell them," he answers. True. I recall, when I studied in Germany in the '60s, the picture of Hitler still hanging on the kitchen wall of my tutor's mother. As a child, my tutor was reminded daily who Hitler was. A passage from Grass's *From the Diary of a Snail* points out an added complication. If you are too factual with children, they miss the point: "What kind of gas was it?" they ask.

"No matter; Hitler, of all people, should be remembered—defined, dissected, emblazoned, tattooed, if you will, on the brain-memory of every child. Every child should know the Benedict Arnolds and the Nathan Hales of her country."

Or should she? Indoctrination is not education, and every generation has new villains and new heroes. The young blond German woman who sat next to me that night at the reading said, "The *New York Times* is biased. It is a Jewish newspaper. People *should* forget."

To Grass, I wanted to say that perhaps it might be by neglect and not by design that German children lack the facts; even in my Midwest high school, we always fell far behind and barely got to World War II in history class before summer vacation. But Grass notices a camera pointing in his direction and turns his back abruptly to mingle elsewhere.

I am a heel for bringing up such unsociable topics at this *gemütliche* gathering. Many here were at the luncheon given for Grass earlier that day: Christoph Wecker, Goethehaus Director, is present. So is Helen Wolf, Grass's Harcourt editor. So is Anselm Dreher, the young German owner of Galerie Andre in Berlin, that peddles Grass's graphics. So is Ruis Woertendyke, director of the New York City premiere of Grass's *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising* in New York at the Theatre for the New City. Most everyone present is accounted for—except me. If Grass refused to appear on *Firing Line*, why should he want to respond to this reporter's line of fire?

Now Grass is joking with two men next to the serving table. I study him.

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He cannot ignore my hovering presence for long and turns. "Is something wrong?" he asks dryly.

I plunge in. "What do you think of Fassbinder?"

"Oh, Fassbinder?" All smiles, he throws up his hands in delight. "He is excellent, but a new movie every few months? He tries to do too much too soon!"

Someone asks about the cooks in his etchings. He has already said he does not want to talk about what hangs on the walls. But yes, he, Grass, likes to cook; cooks daily; as a matter of fact, is an excellent (though not a wicked) cook. "Writing, drawing, cooking, loving," he smiles. In that order. No, he changes his mind. Love between all of those: writing, love, drawing, love, cooking, love, love, love. He laughs.

Just two meters away hangs his etching, *Gestillt* ("Stated"). Three large breasts figure predominantly in it, and Grass's likeness is kissing one breast, his bushy moustache encircling the nipple as if hair grew out of it. There is a charm about the picture, of being hungry—rather than sated—and overwhelmed by possibilities at the same time.

Grass has four children by his wife and one child by a girlfriend. Then there are the children of another girlfriend by another man. He paints a verbal picture of being surrounded by women and children. We all laugh. Another woman calls to him from the gallery door. It is his agent. She shrugs. "You're the one who has to read tonight." Grass departs.

I speak briefly with Director Woertendyke about his forthcoming *Uprising*. Ruis says that over lunch Grass gave him one specific for the play's direction: "Do not make the face of The Boss look like Brecht."

Why not? We can only surmise. The plot is famous: The workers are striking in the Berlin streets outside the theater where "The Boss" (Brecht), inside, is directing *Coriolanus*. They ask him for his support but, instead, he picks their minds to solve the aesthetic problems of his play. As Grass says in his own play's introduction, "Everything turns to theater in his (Brecht's) hands." The Berlin uprising of 1953 is put down by tanks, and Brecht has not so much as lifted a finger in its behalf or interrupted his rehearsals. It is a painful indictment by Grass. His thesis is clear: the artist must be activist too, and Grass-turned-campaigner is his own best example. If the face is not to be of Brecht, then it must be of Everyman, or Everyperson. In answer to a question that night, Grass will accuse the feminist movement, at least in Germany, of being too elitist and not taking into account the practical problems of most women.

Grass's art publisher, Anselm Dreher, fills me in on some interesting details. He and Grass became friends circa 1971. Grass had only done drawings up till then. He had, of course, studied sculpture and stonemasonry early on, but gave it up for a literary career. About etching he knew nothing. Says Dreher, he went to Grass one day "with a piece of copper in my pocket" and taught him how. As a former sculptor, Grass learned easily.

The association has presumably proved a boon to them both. A full section of Galerie Andre in Berlin is devoted to Grass's graphics. Dreher, himself an artist, now has an occupation more lucrative than that of artist, and Grass has a needed outlet for his second profession.

Which brings us to some necessary questions: How seriously do we take Grass's profession of graphics artist? How does Grass the etcher compare to Grass the writer?

The graphics on the wall swarm with symbolism, symbols which for the most part seem to be taken right out of Grass's literary works. "Already the snail has found its way into the engravings," we read in *From the Diary of a Snail*. And here is one of them, a self-portrait in which Grass, wearing a snail like a monocle, eyes another snail on a table. "The snail is progress," Grass has already written. "History . . . is a landscape inhabited by snails." It is Grass the politician we are presumably looking at here, who can't see the forest for the snails. His inner eye is a snail, plodding but all-seeing. He knows that he, and his social democratic ideals, are progressing, though slowly.

In "Nun with Eel"—the nun large and bulbous and looking like something out of Lewis Carroll (The church does not come off well in Grass; Saul, we recall from *The Tin Drum*, is even today, in various forms, supposedly palming off the stuffed sausages of faith, hope and love on humankind) —we are confronted with another recurring symbol, the eel. In one of *The Tin Drum*'s most grotesquely memorable scenes, Oskar and his family are by the sea watching a longshoreman as he fishes a horse's head out of the water to extract eels from it. Oskar's "presumptive father" Matzerath chastises Oskar's Mama for her subsequent nausea. "You've always known how they catch eels and you've always eaten them just the same. Even fresh ones. We'll see how you feel about it when your humble servant does them up with all the trimmings and a little salad on the side." Of course the Mama dies of retching. On what the nun and the eel in the print have in common we can only speculate. She is fat from too many eels, perhaps—or too many stuffed sausages.

The etching, "Return of the Doll," pictures a partially dismembered doll with an aggressive-looking fish about to gorge down an arm. The distorted doll-eyes are reminiscent of Picasso, and indeed the fish (the flounder of *Der Butt*?) can be likened to the unlicensed-nature symbol of Picasso's minotaur. Flashback: to the stormtroopers in *The Tin Drum* that cut the Jewish toymaker's dolls open "and seemed disappointed each time that nothing but sawdust flowed from their limbs and bodies."

Snails, nuns, eels, dolls, crops of phallic mushrooms, cooks, shoes, fish, insects and cigarette butts—abound in Grass's etchings. All these realistic objects, imaginatively juxtaposed, stuck on sticks, or regurgitating, or roaming over landscapes, are well-executed. The detail is fine, the choice of subjects

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amusing, startling. I wouldn't mind owning several myself. (Most of the prints ranged in price from $150 to $200, though there was a "boot" series of four prints going for $1065.) What more is there to say except that it is collectible Grass, digestible Grass, take-a-symbol-home Grass.

It is to Grass the writer that Western culture in general and German culture in particular owes a big debt. Grass took a language that had been sterilized, stultified, drained, and censored by the Nazis and reactivated it, made it rich and fertile and associative and bawdy and lively once again, a language with no *verboten*'s, with all stops pulled.

Der Butt ("The Flounder"), Grass's to-be-published novel, is in this vein. It is a massive work of 650 pages and took Grass four years to write. The standing-room-only audience at the New School eagerly awaited a preview. Most of New York's German intelligentsia was there, as were representatives of German TV. Oddly enough, even after the reading, the content of the excerpts of the two chapters Grass read from were still hazy in the minds of many of the German listeners.

The old Grimm fairy tale, "The Fisherman and His Wife," is the jumping-off point of the new work. The original tale concerns a cantankerous and greedy woman, who lives in a pigsty and repeatedly demands that her husband go back to the flounder in the sea, who she learns is really an enchanted prince, for more wish-fulfilling. She wants a hut to replace her pigsty, then a castle to replace the hut, then to be King (not Queen!) over all the land, then Emperor, then Pope, and at last, since she cannot bear the sun and moon rising against her will, to be God. The spineless husband reluctantly returns again and again to the sea and delivers the message apologetically to the flounder. He says his wife "wills not as I'd have her will." This is a liberated fisherman's wife! "I am the King," she says, "and you are nothing but my husband." But she ends up just a fisherman's wife, because the last wish, to be God, is even too much for the flounder, who has graciously granted the man's wishes up to that point, in exchange for his freedom; when the man returns home, he finds his wife back in the pigsty.

Of course it is about greed, and that it is a woman who is the vehicle for greed in this old German tale is a whole 'nother issue. What we are interested in, is how does Grass intend his version? Is he saying that womankind, in this feminist era, is too greedy, or all humankind? We have only partial answers. In one chapter, for example, the German Romantic writers Brentano, Grimm, Arnim and others are sitting around discussing greed and the fact that it is men, not women,

who are never satisfied; it is they who have conquered territories, they who hunger for more and more.

In part, the book is a history of "die Ernâhrung" (nourishment, nutrition). (It had been rumored that Grass was writing a cookbook.) The main characters are eleven female cooks, who represent various historical periods, each speaking in the style of the period. Allusions to cooking, meals and preparation of food abound. Derivatively, the book is about women as the traditional nourishers of mankind. By implication it is about material and spiritual nourishment throughout history, the time-setting ranging from the Neolithicum to 1970.

Besides being a history of nutrition, according to one source, the book depicts the swing from a male-dominated to a female-dominated world. The flounder, having till now guided the destinies of men and inspired them throughout their long history, now allows himself (herself? itself?) to be caught by women—a feminist group, in fact.

But what is Grass's flounder? A mystical force of time/spirit? A godlike figure? (In answer to a question from the audience about the nature of his title symbol, Grass himself admitted he wasn't sure.) Flashback: the print of the fish eating the dolls. Flashback: The print *Engelsturz* ("Fall of the Angels"), which renders a potpourri of things with wings and legs—insects and cigarette butts alike. As in his novels, everything is in the print. Has the artist/writer spent so much time regurgitating the scrambled, unholy contents of his subconscious and collective memory that in his delirium even cigarette butts and matches take on lives of their own, and fly with everything else in his mind and pen, in the face of the gods, only to crash to earth again? Prometheus stealing fire from heaven? The fisherman's wife aspiring to deity? The greedy artist searching his soul and daring to tell all? In spite of the flounder?

Significantly, those who heard Grass read were eager to share their ideas about the novel's content, but none wished to be identified by name; though they didn't want to be caught —and justifiably so—misinterpreting the great cook Grass's recipe, they did enjoy guessing at the ingredients.

Reading any Grass work alone, book in hand, is a voluptuous experience. The reader drowns in a density of words and allusions, floats in a stew, a cauldron, of metaphor. His is always rich and heady fare. So much more so then, when an unknown Grass novel is read aloud non-stop for 80 minutes by the author himself. One is mesmerized by his strong baritone delivery. But, as with the profferings of a smorgasbord, it is impossible to sample it all.

Suffice it to say that the book is full of humor and ribaldry, of puns, of humorously juxtaposed dates and historical personages, that it does not limit itself to German themes but seems to encompass a great deal of history and humankind. That's a big

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order for any cook. When our publishers come home from Frankfurt in October, with the new-bound Grass volume under their arms, we will know more.

Till then . . . remember that most poignant and memorable chapter in *The Tin Drum* that begins, "There was once a musician; his name was Meyn and he played the trumpet too beautifully for words"? Well, there was once a high-school dropout, his name was Grass and he wrote novels too wonderfully for words . . . (too wonderfully for pictures).

A picture, in Grass's case, is not worth a thousand words. His words are too valuable. His pictures, his etchings, are, if anything, addenda to his novels. They help mythologize the man and his literary creations. The etchings are interesting and well-executed, and they make money. They need the novels, but the novels don't need them. Though one can't deny Grass's artistic talent, he is first, last and always, a writer—Germany's best living writer, a "court jester without a court," a snail with a worldwide following.

BOOKS

INSIDE AN ABORTION HOSPITAL

MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS

In Necessity and Sorrow: Life and Death in an Abortion Hospital

MAGDA DENES

Basic Books, $10

In Necessity and Sorrow is a powerful and gripping book. Magda Denes explores in a compelling style and compulsive manner the thin edge of existence and its meaning in an abortion hospital. As with many highly personal books on subjects of moral controversy she wants to both explain and expiate.

Magda Denes is a psychologist who, over an unspecified but extended period of time, observed and interviewed staff, patients, and relatives of patients in a private, for-profit New York hospital. Between 1970 when the New York State law banning abortions was changed and 1973 when the Supreme Court declared the ban on abortions unconstitutional, this hospital performed several thousand abortions.

In graphic and gory detail she describes D and C procedures, performed in busy times at the rate of six per hour, and saline abortions which provide women with 24 hours of labor and a dead baby. She interviews the eleven-, twelve-, and thirteen-year-olds who have as little psychological and factual understanding of abortion as they have about sex. A middle-aged mother of five weeping and incoherent expresses her inability to cope with one more. Indiscreet wives remove the evidence of their adultery; indiscreet husbands accompany careless mistresses. Following doctors as they move from operating room to operating room, Denes records their contempt, their cynicism, and their support for women's rights. She speaks with embarrassed and anxious parents, uneasy husbands and boy friends. The patients are terrified, frightened, ashamed, and, rarely, indifferent. Cumulatively one has the sense of people being pushed and pulled by forces beyond their control: doctors by money and changes in the law; nurses by doctors; patients by the exigencies of their lives; parents by flighty daughters. No one is responsible for what is happening; denial is the universal and unvarying stance. And this is reenforced by the choruses of reassurance from doctors, nurses, orderlies, and social workers; "Don't worry dear, everything is all right."

In this reportorial account, one quickly learns that human carnage—the sight of tiny bits and pieces of human bodies or of a perfectly formed 24-week infant—will never lead anyone at this hospital to deny the denials, to feel the suppressed revulsion that might build limits or reenforce taboos. The glare of medical efficiency, legal permission, and women's rights blind them. Yet Denes's intent in so vivid a portrayal of clinical detail is obviously to convince us that "seeing" will modify the easy acceptance of abortion and open our eyes to "the tragedy of our age that renders us unable or unwilling to acknowledge tragedy. I speak of our propensity to deny that we hurt, at the awful cost of turning to stone. I speak here of the fact that abortion is an abomination unless it is experienced as a human event of great sorrow and terrible necessity."

Magda Denes is nc mere observer of that tragedy; she too has had an abortion in this hospital. This fact, about which she informs us in the introduction, is impossible to separate from her intense search for the meaning of abortion. The compulsive manner, the hint of hysteria, the laments about cosmic injustice reveal the expiational purpose of the book. *In Necessity and Sorrow* is a subtle and intelligent confession which collapses at moments into a romantic pessimism about the human condition.

That romantic pessimism underlies her conviction that moral sensitivity about abortion will emerge from a sense of what it looks and feels like. But can her vivid word-pictures, so

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much like photographs, elucidate a moral stance; or is a moral stance a necessary condition for interpreting the raw experience portrayed? Did photos of children's bodies in Vietnam convince the already convinced, or did they show those committed to the war its brutal and hidden consequences? The power of photos or vivid description is unpredictable and hard to focus; yet such appeals to the emotions can move us in a way that reason or moral principles alone do not. But where Denes hopes to move us is unclear.

As a self-described "pro-abortionist with a bad secular conscience," Denes raises two objections to the abortions she witnesses. The first has to do with a commitment to future generations, the second with the tragedy of denying feelings. About the first she argues, "the affirmation of generativity is the essence of a world without end. It is the pulse beat of secular conscience. It is the core of our morality. Without it, the future is lost. The present is endangered. The past has no meaning. If the world is to have no heirs, preserving its values becomes absurd." And about the second, she says, "abortion is an abomination unless it is experienced as a human event of great sorrow and terrible necessity."

Generativity and the full experiencing of tragedy are fragile weapons in a battle where the big guns have been moral absolutes like, "abortion is murder," or "women have an inalienable right to their own bodies"; indeed her arguments will never stand where despair and expediency combine to argue that there is no future worth having children for and that the insistent present can provide the only justification for one's acts.

Denes's objections may seem to be only slogans strong on emotional rhetoric, weak on moral reasoning, and inattentive to what I believe remains the unavoidable, central issue, the status of the fetus. They ought, nonetheless, to provide the occasion for thoughtful appraisal about the cumulative consequences of abortion in the lives of individuals and our common life as a society.

Consider: that by age thirty, hundreds of thousands of American women would have had an abortion, and a certain percentage of them two or more abortions, some beginning at the age of twelve or thirteen; that the procedure was performed in a context where their legal rights to have an abortion for any reason were scrupulously honored, but their moral and emotional concerns were minimized; and that the procedure was carried out by doctors and nurses who harbored a good deal of latent hostility toward their patients and communicated this in subtle ways. Am I predisposed to imagine a burden of anxiety and guilt, a numbing of maternal feeling, a certain distancing from those children who are allowed to be born? Perhaps such possibilities are overdrawn. Be that as it may; for reasons, good or bad, denying the possibility of life to another and temporarily or permanently denying a possibility about oneself will have repercussions that seem neither liberating nor fulfilling. The one thing it is impossible to imagine is that, as so many of the figures in this book's pages try to believe, none of this makes any difference—we *should* worry; everything is *not* going to be all right.

Is there a way out? We may wring our hands, we may engage in political activity, we may try to remedy the conditions that have given rise to the justification for abortion. None of this will be productive if we fail to recognize what Magda Denes has shown to be at the heart of the struggle over abortion: moral sensitivity, moral reasoning, and individual responsibility. That demands a level of moral education and discussion that we have yet to see from any camp in the abortion debate. *In Necessity and Sorrow* is important because it is a first primer in that curriculum.

REVIEWERS

MARGARET O'BRIEN STEINFELS is editor of the *Hastings Center Report*.

ROBERT PHILLIPS's study of Lewis Carroll, *Aspects of Alice*, has recently been published in a new Vintage paperback edition.

MICHAEL TRUE is an associate professor of English at Assumption College and lecturer at Clark University in Worcester.

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Lewis Carroll Observed

Edited by EDWARD GUILIANO

Clarkson N. Potter, $12.95

Lewis Carroll and His World

JOHN PUDNEY

Scribner's, $8.95

ROBERT PHILLIPS

Despite the plethora of recent Carroll studies, the English-speaking world seems "curiouser and curiouser" about the creator of *Alice in Wonderland* (to use the book's popular name.) Two years ago an English translation of Jean Gattégno's excellent biography, *Lewis Carroll: Fragments of a Looking-Glass* (Crowell) was published here. Last year saw a facsimile edition of Carroll's own *The Rectory Magazine* (University of Texas Press), one of the eight children's magazines he edited as an adolescent. Later this year Francis Huxley's *The Raven and the Writing Desk* (Harper & Row) will be reprinted in America after its initial U.K. appearance. The Gattégno volume, rightfully, has been widely reviewed; the 1976 Guiliano and Pudney studies cited above, to date, have not received their share of attention.

Lewis Carroll Observed is a handsome collection of unpublished photographs, drawings, poetry and new essays, of which Carroll himself would approve: "And what is the use of a book," his Alice thought, "without pictures"? This book has 77 drawings and photographs, including many pen-and-ink sketches by Carroll. Indeed, the art reproduced in the book, and

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the commentaries upon it, provide one of the chief reasons to purchase it. Especially interesting is the illustrated essay, "Lewis Carroll the Pre-Raphaelite 'Fainting in Coils'" by Jeffrey Stern. Stern provides some striking parallels between Carroll's own illustrations of Alice for *Alice's Adventures Under Ground* and those of works by Arthur Hughes and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painters whose visualizations of innocent women seem to correspond with Carroll's own ideas about the perfect image of the female soul (in Jungian terms, the Anima). Stern's is a solid exercise in the criticism of probable affinities, and it is merely regrettable he omitted to cite Judith Bloomingdale's 1971 essay, "Alice as Anima: The Image of Woman in Carroll's Classic" (from *Aspects of Alice*) as the original study of the eternal feminine in Carroll.

(*Aspects of Alice* is not mentioned in another context in which it might have been: In his note on Carroll bibliography, editor Guiliano laments the current state of Carroll bibliographical studies. He goes on to cite the selective checklist in Donald Gray's 1971 edition of *Alice in Wonderland* as one which helps "fill in some of the current gaps." The Gray checklist contains 69 literary and historical citations; the checklist in *Aspects of Alice*, which he does not mention, contains 213. The reader is left to decide which of the two would better "fill in the gaps.")

In addition to Stern, other fine contributors to *Lewis Carroll Observed* include Donald Rackin's study of the humor in *Alice in Wonderland*—so many forget it is the book's comic qualities which first attract! Here as elsewhere, Dr. Rackin proves himself to be one of the most sensible living commentators on Carroll. Also commendable are a much-needed study of the *Sylvie and Bruno* books as Victorian novel, by Edmund Miller; and a piece on the *Snark* by Morton H. Cohen, which he accompanies with a useful reprinting of seven original reviews of the book. Cohen's *Snark* article is as lucid as Harold Beaver's "Whale or Boojum: An Agony" is not. Beaver is an agony to read: "That initial dedication to Gertrude Chataway . . . suggests a deeper, unconconscious level of inchoate lusts and fears of self-destruction—some covert sexual trauma turned to a mimic tea with muffins, jam, and conundrums."

Lewis Carroll Observed is not, I suppose, indispensable the way Gattégno's fractured biography seems to be, Gattégno has shared the original psychoanalytical intuitions of Florence Becker Lennon, in her *The Life of Lewis Carroll*, and has carried them to their logical conclusions; in this sense his book has made her pioneer study obsolete, but anyone with more than a passing interest in Carroll and his creations will find many useful things in it. I welcome its appearance.

One assumes *Lewis Carroll and His World*, like its companion volumes in the Scribner series (*Proust and His World*; *James Boswell and His World*; etc.) is an attempt to reconstruct—through pictures, documents, and text—the backgrounds and events of an author's life. And so it does. Yet John Pudney manages more: he has created a Carroll personality for us. Whether it is *the* Carroll personality is impossible to say. But Pudney's Carroll comes alive in these pages, and he is far from pleasant.

Rather, he is self-serving, overly meticulous, fastidious, pedantic, self-evasive, obsessive, hypocritical, and a relentless pursuer of celebrities. Past biographies have imparted some or all of these traits, but never quite with this concentrated impact. On Carroll's obsession with prepubescent girls, for instance, Pudney writes: "Nobody but obsessively self-centered man, chaste though he was, could have demanded such a massive diet of youth and gone to such lengths to sustain it. Its promiscuity within social limits, and its persistence till the end of his life, might be compared with that of Don Juan himself." Personal gratification, according to Pudney, was the driving force.

Pudney also delineates other less

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celebrated aspects of the "shy" Oxford mathematics don, including his indefatigable promotion of his own books and his use of the camera as a means of social climbing. To those many Carrollians who still regard "their" Lewis as a saint, this book will be hard to embrace. But considering that Carroll biography, from the first, was largely protective (the initial biography was by a nephew, and the Hudson and Green biographies seem laundered) this will come as an antidote, with truth lying somewhere between the extremes. Moreover, Pudney is not vicious. His conclusions, for instance, that Carroll's incessant labors to further the cause of mathematical education were significant failures; and that *Sylvia and Bruno* is appalling, largely because Carroll "knew too much and he tried too hard," seem undeniable.

The 109 illustrations, including some I have not seen before, delight, as does the interweaving of Victorian backgrounds throughout (e.g., "the Duke of Wellington had deplored the notion of railways on a national scale because 'they would encourage the lower classes to move about' ").

As is inevitable with any book on Carroll/Dodgson, this one contains contradictions and unanswered questions. On p. 37, Pudney tells as (as does Francis Huxley in *The Raven and Writing Desk*) that Carroll never wore an overcoat. Yet on p. 113 is Harry Furniss's drawing of Carroll (whom he entertained many times) wearing an overcoat! Did he or didn't he, and does it matter? On p. 113 Pudney also repeats the tale of Carroll's supposedly cutting the manuscript of *Sylvie and Bruno* into pre-numbered horizontal strips of four or five lines, shaking them in a sack, and pasting them onto new pages in random fashion. (The object was absolute secrecy of the manuscript.) Most Carroll scholars have regarded this tale as apocryphal; yet Furniss's daughter herself, in a memoir, swears the strips existed, and I for one am glad to see Pudney stick to his strips. His book throughout seems logical and goes a long way to make Lewis Carroll a human being, one with at least as many vanities and frailties as the rest of us, and probably with a lot more. And why not? Carroll was that rarest of things, a genius.

Collected Poems

ROBERT FRANCIS

U. of Massachusetts Press, $15

New and Collected Poems

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Houghton, Mifflin, $15; Sentry, $6.95

Selected Poems

ROBERT LOWELL

Farrar, Straus, $12.50

A History of Modern Poetry: From the 1890s to the High Modernist Mode

DAVID PERKINS

Harvard U. Press, $17.50

MICHAEL TRUE

At a symposium on "Poets and Their Critics," sponsored by the National Book Critics Circle, literary editors who seldom agree on anything else—Richard Howard, Harvey Shapiro, M. L. Rosenthal, Theodore Weiss, and Grace Schulman—came together on one issue: decrying the lack of places in contemporary periodicals where a critic seriously interested in poetry can develop, over a period of time, a clearly established rationale for judgment. With that condition in mind, one plunges ahead, nonetheless, to make the best use of the space allowed, calling attention to three collections of poetry from 1976 and a new history of modern poetry.

Of the four books, Robert Francis's *Collected Poems* is surely the most significant—not only because it brings together his life's work, but also because it exhibits so clearly the achievement of an exceptional, if infrequently honored, craftsman. No book from the past year, in fact, so deserves special attention for the writer as well as for the publisher—in this case the University of Massachusetts Press, which has had the good sense and care to publish several of Francis's books, prose and poetry, including an extraordinary autobiography, *The Trouble With Francis* (1971), brief entertaining essays, *The Satirical Rogue on Poetry* (1968), and a memoir of his sometimes troubled friendship, *Frost: A Time to Talk* (1972).

Francis's poems, like the athletes he often writes about and whose superior form he imitates, are firm, clean, and graceful. In "Pitcher," one of his best-known poems, Francis might be describing himself: "He/ Throws to be a moment misunderstood./ Yet not too much. Not errant, arrant, wild,/ But every seeming aberration willed./ Or, like "The Base Stealer," which appears in the same section of the book, "he teeters, skitters, tingles, teases,/ Taunts them, hovers like an ecstatic bird."

There is often a sense of the inevitability of fate in these poems, events or lives working themselves out and revealing what has to be. Elemental questions are posed with a kind of sureness, the speaker confident, yet never smug about where the answers lie. At their best, things achieve a balance between freedom and conformity, like a weather vane, the subject of a representative short lyric: "Moving unmoved,/ Like the fixed tree/ For constancy/ But like the leaf/ Aware/ Of all the tricks/ and politics/ That only he/ Who freely turns/ Discerns,/ Moving unmoved is free."

Such mysteries are the subject of Francis's best poems, in a style that recognizes a need for tradition and experimentation, sometimes rhyming, sometimes not. These lines, from "Epitaph," suggest a persistent theme and tone: "Freedom he loved and order he embraced./ Fifty extremists called him Janus-faced./ Though cool centrality was his desire,/ He drew the zealot fire and counter-fire."

Like A. E. Housman, Francis is fascinated with human beings, with flowers and small insects, caught at the moment of peak performance, at the height of their powers. He is a person fiercely in love with the created world and fiercely angry, at times, with

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the natural and supernatural powers that threaten them, so that his occasional protest poems seem consistent with his other preoccupations. He can also be quietly, but deeply erotic, as in "The Good Life," an idyllic, even romantic meditation, reminiscent of F. T. Prince's famous anti-war poem, "Soldier's Bathing." It, also, ends with a question: Where is the evil/ Here where the river pours upon the rocks/ And sun pours on the rocks and on the river?/ Here is no Eve. Here is no little snake."

The element of celebration so characteristic of Francis's work appears persistently in Archibald MacLeish's poems, the familiar as well as the new. MacLeish's famous line, "a poem should not mean but be," is, in fact, echoed in Francis's poem "Museum Piece": 'It contains nothing/ We ask it/ to contain nothing./ Having transcended use,/ It is endlessly/ Content to be."

MacLeish's latest book adds over sixty poems to the previous *Collected Poems*, published in 1962. *The Wild Old Wicked Man* (1968) accounts for about half of these; the rest are new poems, including two particularly moving ones, "Definitions of Old Age" ("Even your own thoughts sound wrong to you,/ something some old idiot has misquoted.") and "The Old Gray Couple." MacLeish's writings, beginning with his first volume in 1917, have become a permanent part of American literature. *New and Collected Poems* reminds us of how and why his claim to that honored place is legitimate.

Robert Lowell has dominated the literary landscape for so long that it is difficult to make a judgment of his work without sounding impertinent. Yet the publication of the *Selected Poems* calls for a reconsideration, as the reader tests the language and subject matter against one's experience of the history Lowell describes. In asking the questions, "Do these poems speak for me; do these poems convey, in connotation and rhythm, the experience of American life since World War II?" I can only answer "No."

This failure becomes evident, perhaps, only after living with Lowell's poems for awhile; and anyone who cares about poetry has lived with many of them, particularly that exceptional collection, *Lord Weary's Castle* (1947), for three decades. In comparing them with poems by his distinguished contemporaries, the late Theodore Roethke, Karl Shapiro, David Ignatow, Muriel Rukeyser, Gwendolyn Brooks, one recognizes that Lowell no longer holds our attention, no longer speaks with the same authority that these other poets do. His is a distinguished body of work, but I fail to understand why, in many literary histories and in the best anthologies, such as *The Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry*, Lowell is represented by twenty pages of poems, while Ignatow and Rukeyser, for example, are not even included.

None of the poets discussed thus far appears in the first volume of David Perkins, *A History of Modern Poetry*, except as they resemble the writers of an earlier time, that is, the first forty years of the Modernist period, 1890-1930. One would guess from reading his book that Perkins is not greatly moved or substantially informed by poetry. (His previous scholarly writings deal principally with the English Romantics.) He succeeds, nonetheless, in his attempt, "to go behind the interpretations of modern literary history that has been current for the last forty years."

Perkins does what has needed doing; he sets aside the prejudices or preferences of various "schools," the disciples of Eliot or Pound, the followers of Williams or Tate, and gives some time to everyone who was read seriously in their time. There are individual chapters on the major figures, Hardy and Frost, and on the early years of Pound, Eliot, and Yates; there are also informed general chapters on the Georgians, the First World War Poets, the Imagists, and the Black Poets; but he provides pertinent information about popular writers, too: Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson, as well as Kipling, Chesterton, Belloc, and Noyes.

For the land that has been previously charted, Perkins gives the student and the general reader a competent general survey. For the second forty years, a volume yet to be published, he will need to be somewhat more prophetic, a reader rather than just an historian of poetry. That task will bring both a greater challenge and a greater risk. In the present volume, he records the dates, names the poems, and sets up the markers in a manner that one expects of a knowledgeable literary scholar. It is, within its genre, a substantial and useful achievement.

Saint Paul

MICHAEL GRANT

Scribner, $14.95

JOSEPH A. FITZMYER

As "one of the most perpetually significant men who have ever lived" (p. 1), the Apostle Paul has attracted a host of interpreters over the centuries. Early in the second century, a New Testament writer counseled his readers: "There are some things in them [the letters of our beloved brother Paul] hard to understand, which the ignorant and unstable twist to their own destruction, as they do the other scriptures" (2 Pet 3:16). And ever since that time Pauline interpretation has had its ups and downs. Paul's letters have also been explained at times by specialists in other disciplines who consider his writings akin to their endeavors. Several such interpretations of them have appeared in recent years, and Grant's book joins that group of attempts to understand him.

Michael Grant has been a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, a professor of Humanity at Edinburgh University, president and vice-chancellor of the Queen's University, Belfast, and author of several popularizations of ancient classical history (*The Ancient Historians*, *The Ancient Mediterranean*, *The Jews in the Roman World*, and *The Twelve Caesars*). Paul's apostolate was carried out in the world that Grant has otherwise widely studied,

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and thus he can bring to the interpretation of Paul a classicist's acquaintance. It is good to have a classical historian's view of New Testament writings, because it often contributes a perspective to them that can easily be forgotten. Grant disclaims that he is writing "as a theologian would" but tries "instead"—that adverb is intriguing in view of much of what he proposes in this book—"to bring Paul to life as a human being of outstanding and altogether peculiar gifts who has influenced people of widely divergent beliefs and races and epochs, and who merits study and admiration amid the great and rapidly growing emergencies with which we ourselves are struggling today" (p. 2). This is certainly a noble purpose, and it is good to see a writer with such a background addressing himself to such emergencies and struggles, while claiming that he does this not "as a theologian would." Does he succeed?

Grant divides his presentation of Paul into six parts, sometimes subdivided: (1) The life, work, and character of Paul; (2) Our disastrous past history: (a) the age-long rule of evil, and (b) the need for total change (in effect, a description of the world and mankind without the Christian gospel preached by Paul); (3) The first act of rescue: (a) the coming of the Messiah; (b) the relevance of Jesus' death; (c) belief in the unbelievable; and (d) direct contact with the Deity (Paul's own and the Christian experience); (4) What the world still has to wait for (Pauline eschatology); (5) While we wait: (a) the unification of all human beings; (b) the other Christians who objected; and (c) Paul and Rome; finally (6) Summing up (with a sketch of later interpretations of Paul). Grant's discussion includes maps of Paul's journeys, a table of Pauline chronology, a glossary of ancient writings and terms, and a bibliography (mostly Anglo-Saxon).

Anyone acquainted with the Pauline corpus can easily understand how the main features of Paul's tenets fit under such headings. Most of them are well presented, and novel interpretations of Pauline passages are few. Much of what is said in the book can be found in many other popular presentations of Paul. Grant's chronology of Paul's life is very similar to what I have proposed in the *Jerome Biblical Commentary*, minus some of the nuances.

Though Grant is aware of the problems of modern Pauline research, one wishes that he would have paid more attention to them. For instance, he recognizes that "the Letters of Paul . . . are by far our most reliable source of information about his life and personality and ways of thinking" and that "*Acts* is far inferior to Paul's Letters as a source of evidence for his actions and thought—and indeed as a historical source at all" (p. 9). But having said that and having taken a critical look at the story of Paul's journey to Rome and the shipwreck, Grant gives the impression many times over that he has forgotten this necessary critical stance. The description of Paul's three missionary journeys is almost wholly dependent on Acts; we are further told that "it would be unfair . . . to count it against Paul that one member of his audience, Eutychus at Alexandria Troas, fell asleep" (Acts 20:9, p. 202). And Grant acknowledges Paul's lack of success in addressing the Athenians, "quoting Greek poets and using Greek rhetorical style," for "most of them found the results unconvincing" (referring to Paul's Speech on the Areopagus, Acts 17:32-34). This is said, although Grant earlier acknowledged that "the speeches recounted in Acts, like those of the classical literary tradition of Greece and Rome, could not possibly have been copied down by any bystander at the time and are for the most part inventions" (p. 10). Grant should have informed himself by studying the problem raised by P. Vielhauer, "On the 'Paulinism' of Acts (*Studies in Luke-Acts*, Nashville, 1966, 33-50).

Similarly, though Grant is aware of the Deuteropauline character of the Pastoral Epistles (1-2 Timothy and Titus) and is willing to admit that they are "of early second century date," he mixes throughout the book references to passages of undoubted Pauline authorship or disputed authorship (Colossians and Ephesians) with those of the Pastorals. This makes one query at times the perspective from which much of the book has been written.

Grant is aware of the numerous interpretations of Paul throughout the various periods of the history of Pauline exegesis. Some of those interpretations have been legendary, and some exigetical; others have been born of later theological problems, and foisted on the Pauline text, and still others are born of modern attempts to psychoanalyze Paul. Although many of his interpretations of Pauline passages remain faithful to the text itself, they are often laced with these questionable accretions, apparently in the attempt "to bring Paul to life." Thus, Grant begins his description of Paul himself by quoting legends: He is

> said to have been 'a man of small stature, with a bald head and bow legs, who carried himself well. His eyebrows met in the middle and his nose was rather large and he was full of grace, for at times

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> he seemed a man and at times he had the face of an angel.' That description is owed to a work of the second century AD known as the *Acts of Paul and Thecla*. The sixth-century Byzantine historian John Malalas added that he had a thick grey beard, light bluish eyes, and a fair and florid complexion; and that he was a man who often smiled . . . (p. 3).

Having built up this description and even labeled the chronographer John Malalas as a "historian" (presumably to enhance the testimony), Grant then labels the descriptions as "merely curiosities." But then why quote them? I cite this trivial example, because it is characteristic of the way that Grant presents not only the Life of Paul but many of his teachings—in a mixture of relevant material and irrelevant, popularly associated (mis)understandings of Paul. The foregoing dipped into the legendary "to bring Paul to life." But at times Grant dips into the theological problems of later centuries. Thus, Romans 8-9 had been used in the historic controversies about individual predestination, but we have long since seen that the problem to which Paul addressed himself in those chapters, when he spoke of God's hardening the heart of the Pharaoh or of the suppleness of the potter's clay in his hands, is not that of individual predestination but of the place of the election of Israel in relation to Christianity as seen from the perspective of God's salvation history. To lace one's interpretation of Paul in this day and age with predestinarianism, without cautious nuances, is just too much. Worse still, to seek an answer in Pauline terms to the question that Man Friday asks of Robinson Crusoe, "If God much stronger, why God not kill the Devil?" (p. 42) is to reintroduce into the study of Pauline theology the "old chestnuts" that we have long since learned should never have been brought in in the first place. They tend to make Paul answer questions that were not his.

Similarly, Grant's attempt to isolate Paul's "psychological wrestlings, which will be reconstructed from his Letters in the course of this book" (p. 15), is unacceptable. Thus, Paul's discussion of marriage and celibacy (1 Corinthians 7) is treated in the first chapter, as a reflection of Paul's own character! Grant tells us further: "His character was torn apart by inner conflicts. One of the strangest of them was a clash between genuine modesty and overwhelming self-confidence" (p. 22), a reference to Pauline boasting. But ever since his conversion and because

> his life as 'the life which Christ lived in him,' he unhesitatingly claimed full equality with the prophets of old and with the apostles who had known Jesus personally. Indeed, after his death he hoped for early, individual translation to the presence of Jesus himself in heaven.

Footnote 54 refers to Phil 1:23 and 3:11 as support for this and adds: "His admirer Martin Luther was criticized for excessive concern with his own salvation" (p. 202)! One can recognize at times the Pauline verses to which Grant alludes in such analysis, but the clever twists of interpretation given to them, along with the introduction of later psychological understandings of Paul, create the real problem in this would-be non-theological presentation of Paul. Finally, on this score, apropos of what Grant writes in his psychoanalytic interpretation of Paul's conversion, I find it very difficult to square the Sandmelian interpretation of Paul's being crushed by the Law with Phil 3:6: "as to righteousness under the law [I was] blameless" (this Paul wrote as a Christian, looking back at his Pharisaic past!).

Trouble is, Grant writes well and this breezy book will be looked on with no little enthusiasm as a "fresh appreciation" of the Apostle. But in the last analysis, it is Paul for the sociologists. For Grant feels obliged to spell out for readers all sorts of banalities, marking with asterisks such troublesome words (that will be explained in the glossary and that are not found in today's comic books or in TV discourse) as "apostles," "Jewish Christians," "Fathers of the Church," "John the Baptist," "Luther, Martin," "Messiah," "Pharisees," etc. Believe it or not, the first one is explained thus: "The Twelve, whom, according to the New Testament, Jesus sent out to preach the Gospel. (After the death of Judas Iscariot he was replaced by Matthias.) Paul also claimed the status of apostle for himself, and the term was used for other missionaries and leaders" (p. 225). If you like your Paul laced with Robinson Crusoe, Freud, Karl Barth, Malcolm Muggeridge, or even Anselm, Pascal, or Kierkegaard, this is the book for you.

The Voice: Life at the Village Voice

ELLEN FRANKFORT

William Morrow, $8.95

WILLIAM O'ROURKE

Our time is full of irony and an Ironic Age does not necessarily sound corrupt, but you must remember that irony comes from a Greek word meaning ignorance purposely affected. So ironies abound and not the first or last is how similar Time, Inc. and the Village Voice, Inc. (and that Inc., lest we forget, is more powerful than printer's ink) were in conception. Both were founded by two men (Henry Luce and Briton Hadden; Ed Fancher and Dan Wolf); both were exactly what the historic moment called for (*Time* in 1923, *The Voice* in 1955); and both were a mixture of blatant opinion and less blatant fact. In both partnerships one was the "creative" mind (Hadden and Wolf) and one was the financial (Luce and Fancher). Hearst and Pulitzer may have brought us the Spanish American War, Henry Luce the Cold War, but from Ellen Frankfort's *The Voice: Life at the Village Voice* we learn that Dan Wolf (more so than Fancher, who in Frankfort's telling drops out of sight much the way Hadden politely died early in Luce's career) practiced a modern guerrilla war, an attrition of the spirit that mirrors so well most of the failed movements of the Sixties.

This tempest may have taken place in a teapot, but it is still all the more per-

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sonally acidic for so doing. Dan Wolf was the magical editor who got the "best for less" and when he and Fancher sold *The Voice* in 1970 to Carter Burden and Bartle Bull for 3 million that was part of the pitch: "They were told that Dan was the only person in New York who could get people to write for so little—people of talent and originality . . . it was the genius every financial wizard wished to possess. Any man who can exploit people and have them think he is wonderful is no mere conversation guru. He is a very shrewd businessman." Wolf, as he aged, turned out to be the Lear who escapes with the loot and leaves his daughters (and sons) penniless. Nothing begats nothing is an axiom any capitalist would applaud.

Frankfort rightly casts Wolf as a father-figure; Henry Luce was much more than that, the Lord of the Manor, rather than a mere householder. Wolf's balm was that he made his writers what they were, gave them *The Voice* as a showcase, turned them into Stars. (Can you name them? So much for Stars.) When they found their wings they were expected to leave the nest. Writers succumbed, for as any beginner (or middler, or ender) knows, getting into print, nay, being read, is the coin sought after. *The Voice* had readers (thanks to the New York newspaper strike of 1962): "On Pearl Harbor Day, 1962, the New York Typographical Union Local No. 6 called the longest newspaper strike in the history of New York. Readership jumped from 17,000 to 135,000. Mostly from newsstand sales. The paper increased from twelve pages to seventy and advertising expanded from 20 percent to 65." All publications are fan magazines and *The Voice* readers were literate fans. One delusion Frankfort does not dispel is that *The Voice* acted as a careerist platform. The truth is most *Voice* writers turned into *Voice* writers. They graduated from 1200-word articles to magazine journalism. Only a handful of exceptions come to mind. Wolf stunted his writers in ways never perceived. He never gave them enough space. (Indeed, the major criticism of Frankfort's book is that it reads (as was her earlier *Vaginal Politics*) like a series of articles. Other criticisms are: Disputed accuracy on a few minor points; a number of inconsistencies; no index; a general "Hell hath no fury like a journalist scorned" tone.

*Time*style became a cliché and so did *Voice*style. The confessional journalism practiced in *The Voice* became self-parody. Individual voices could be given a free reign in *The Voice* as long as they fell within the frequency received.

Newspapers are elementary economic textbook cases. The consolidation of advertising destroyed the multiplicity of publications. Advertisers deal in numbers and it goes one place: whoever has the most readers. And if the demographics are too similar, competing publications are doomed. So-called specialized audience publications are said to be healthy. In television the blood-letting is more obvious; the smallest percentage differences in ratings are the straws that break a lot of backs.

With fewer read publications there are more writers crying for space. *The Voice* literally had hundreds of freelance writers to tap; it was (and is) a buyer's market. A writer's narcissism (to see himself in print) will overwhelm his greed (or even permit the most miserable conditions—Frankfort tells separates victim tales of a number of women including herself who wrote for *The Voice*).

A writer's misgivings are often as large as his ego. And *The Voice*, being a liberal paper, "anti-establishment," had any number of other guilts to trouble. Rich young men and women writing about the poor, the oppressed: there was a deep well of neurosis to pump and Wolf did not see it run dry.

The Voice was not just a mirror to the changes it saw during the Sixties, but it was warped as well. The silver began to flake and you could see through it. In book publishing, where once firms had unlimited supplies of young women from Seven Sister schools looking for a temporary mooring in the city, they found they had women who intended to stay and who wanted to advance; they had unions knocking at their doors. *Voice* writers eventually became staff writers, the gyre slowed at the end of the Sixties, old blood did not want to be spilled for new and indeed as they themselves aged security beckoned. The staff lifted the rock and finally saw what lived beneath. They were being paid $150-200 a week; many who wrote regularly, but not on staff, were getting much less; Dan Wolf was making $72,000 a year.

The economics of *The Voice* startled and disturbed them. Idealists are by definition naive and no one had turned investigative skills (nor even their common sense) on *The Voice*. Follow the money, as Deep Throat suggested to the equally naif Woodstein duo. Luce was never duplicitous about the editorializing (or free-enterprising) in the newsarticles of *Time* (his prospectus spelled it out) and Wolf never had to be duplicitous about where the profits went because no one asked him. When it was sold in 1970 for $3 million a few writers raised their eyebrows, but it took the unsteady course of the new owners (Burden and Bull) and the almost unconscious abandonment of the helm by Wolf to finally bring it all out.

Some of the participants acted better than others (READ ALL ABOUT IT!!!) Frankfort's book embarrasses most everyone.

Again, as a bellwether of our times, Clay Felker's purchase and renovation of *The Voice* in 1974 is as appropriate as its beginning: Wolf, the closet capitalist, exploiting his minions while seeming to espouse a more equitable world; and Felker, his motives quite upfront in the style of the liberated Seventies, unhidden. The lack of hypocrisy (our decade now growing weary of irony) as Frankfort implies, might be a tonic. Her book is valuable on many

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levels: as ragged journalistic history of a ragged journal, and as another personal fable of our times.

IN BRIEF

SAINTS FOR CONFUSED TIMES, *by John Garvey, The Thomas More Press,* $8.50.

Saints are not the most popular topic of conversation these days. Given our disenchantment with miracles, idolatry and holy cards, it is no wonder. Yet, one of the most refreshing meditations on the subject of sainthood, and one that helps restore our concept of the term, is John Garvey's *Saints for Confused Times.*

The book's thesis is a simple one: "Saints are people who have seen through the idol we usually make of God to the knowledge that God is real." For the saints, God was not an abstraction. He was a *living* God, with whom they felt in constant dialogue. The saints were engaged in a process of "deification," the process by which we are transformed into what Christ is, and they gave themselves completely to this process. Garvey's prevailing metaphor is that of wholeheartedness—the total focusing of a life. "Kierkegaard's belief that 'purity of heart is to think one thing' applies to them."

Each of the book's ten chapters contains biographical sketches and brief meditations on a particular saint. The selection of saints is eclectic and curious: Francis of Assisi, Mary, Thomas More, Peter, Paul, Germaine Cousin, Ignatius of Antioch, Justin, Benedict, and Catherine of Siena. These men and women were often unsettling to their own times, and Garvey managed to focus them for our time. For despite the differences between the age in which they lived and our own age, "saints should become contemporary enough to force us to examine the way in which we regard Christianity."

Written with clarity and perception, John Garvey's book offers a fresh perspective for our own confused time. The proposition which he poses is at once provoking and unsettling, as well it should be. "What it would mean to fall into the hands of the living God, and not the God we have ideas about, is something we can begin to learn by looking at the lives of the saints."

BARBARA MUTKOSKI

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 419*)

gun to be before Israel existed; it was powerfully stimulated by the creation of Israel, and by the policies Israel has followed. For a long time it has been a reality as obvious as Mount Everest. In 1969, in Golda Meir's office, I heard the statement that the Palestinians are not a people and therefore cannot be a nation. Even then, to anyone who had visited Nablus, Gaza, Ramallah and Nazareth, the statement was silly on its face. Today you will hear no such statement from Shimon Peres or Abba Eban, or even from Menachem Begin. Yet Getlein, by ignoring the Palestinians and defining the conflict as one between Israel and the "Arab states," still follows Meir. Yes, *of course*, the Arab states have misused the Palestinian issue; this proclamation will not come as news to the Palestinians or their sympathizers, nor will it remove the issue.

Like too many Israelis, Getlein is still astonished that the peoples of the Levant have not joyfully welcomed the Israeli presence, in humble gratitude for the gifts that make the desert bloom. Such astonishment, evinced by a journalist as humane and knowledgeable as Getlein, is astonishing. Given their history and their situation, I find it understandable that the Israelis should continue to misperceive how they are perceived by their neighbors and by their subjects in the occupied lands. It is harder to accept when an outsider who obviously cares about Israel should share the mistake, and fail to see the dangers it creates, the bad politics it inspires.

I'll gladly read Getlein on any subject. Before he again addresses "Middle East Realities," however, I would urge that he spend two weeks on the West Bank, preferably without a guide.

ROBERT G. HOYT

African Liberation

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors: In "The United States and South Africa" [Apr. 1] Notre Dame professor Peter Walshe states that the U.S. "needs a radical assessment" of its African foreign policy. Walshe contends that America should throw its whole-hearted support to various "socialist" and "egalitarian" movements. The author fails to realize, however, that these movements are not dedicated to furthering the causes of equality, human rights, and freedom, but are committed to establishing oppressive governments. The MPLA take-over in Angola is a case in point. To say that the United States could ameliorate its influence in Africa by merely supporting the winning side is too simple. We must not only win allies, but also remember our commitment of insuring human rights throughout the world.

THOMAS G. WELSHKO

Rockville, Md.

To the Editors: An article in the April 1 issue of your magazine by Peter Walshe is a complete disgrace.

A person does not become a specialist on Africa just by reading a book, making a trip or even going to college. Instead of criticism only, our pseudo-intellectuals and intellectual snobs should be able to present constructive proposals.

Integration or majority rule (African style) is not going to work. How can we for example expect the application of one-man, one-vote rule in South Africa? Are you aware of the fact that South Africa has at least 9 different black ethnic groups speaking 9 different ethnic languages with 9 different cultures and 100 different dialects? What about the 3 millions of Afrikaans-speaking people and one and

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one-half million of English-speaking people, one and one-half million of Colored and 750,000 Indians? How can you integrate such a country under majority rule?

Nothing of that style is going to work (look at the rest of Africa). I have been in Africa for many years. To me, the only solution is a Confederation within racial lines. Every other solution proposed so far will only bring genocide, that is, one more.

The message coming out of Uganda is very clear; that is, if a tribe is black, it is exterminated, if it is oriental or white, then it is expelled. This in essence is majority rule to the African mind.

As far as the "strong socialistic tendency" of the African liberation movements, well, we all know what socialism has done to the world. It has only brought poverty, racism, oppression, misery and genocide. Look what they did to Mozambique, a beautiful land, productive and with great potential. Look at Tanzania, a country with negative growth, probably the poorest country in the world, under the curse of socialism.

F. ZEPPETELLA

Reply

Let me attempt a brief response to Messrs. Welshko and Zeppetella. Human rights do not exist in a vacuum. Mr. Welshko should realize that in the late 20th century civil liberties will not survive in societies that do not take determined steps to restructure themselves along more egalitarian lines. Capitalist economic growth has shown itself to be incapable of this.

Mr. Zeppetella should beware of the argument that residence in Africa provides the basis for insight. If it were so, I might claim it as my ancestry goes back to the 1820 settlers in South Africa! Rather the point is that Africans will end the systematic exploitation they suffer under, and that dismantling racial discrimination (or setting up confederations) will not be sufficient. A major redistribution of resources will be necessary. In working for this there are no definitive blueprints for alternative socio-economic structures, although there is a moral direction—the search for participatory democracy in the context of economic justice. To laud the Portuguese record in Mozambique is not worthy of serious debate.

PETER WALSHE

Sexton and God

University Park, Pa.

To the Editors: I read with interest William J. McGill's article, "Anne Sexton and God," [May 13], and agree with the thesis that she is indeed a religious poet. The complexity of Sexton's psyche and the confessional nature of her poetry make generalizations about her religious experience difficult to make. Over the years, however, a theme does seem to evolve in her work, namely, that the roots of her illness were not only psychological but religious.

Since Sexton did not have a strong "theology" of grace (due partly to what she viewed as the insipid Protestantism of her childhood), she struggled both with self-loathing and with a sense of the absence of God. McGill is correct that the predominant motif of the religious poems is the quest for God, but I disagree that the total thrust of these poems is that God is finally and ultimately absent from his "island." In particular, the concluding poem of *The Awful Rowing Toward God,* "The Rowing Endeth," does not suggest, as McGill intimates, that the island was empty. A careful reading indicates the opposite. God is there; the poet plays cards with Him and concludes: "Dearest dealer, / with my royal straight flush, / love you so for your wild card, / that untameable, eternal, gut-driven *ha-ha* / and lucky love."

Moments of grace illuminate Sexton's dark poetry. (See, for example, "The Sickness Unto Death.") These moments are characterized by a sense of love as God works through human beings in their moments of exchanged joy or as the poet senses Him directly. But there is no sense of *permanent* belonging or of finding a permanent home in Him. On one level, Anne Sexton's fascination with death is a statement of anguish of being homeless and rootless and an expression of both her desire to escape suffering and to find God.

I touch on a number of the complex issues of Anne Sexton's religious poetry in a brief article, "Anne Sexton's Rowing Toward God," in *Christianity Today,* August 27, 1976. Readers of *Commonweal* will be particularly interested in her fascination with Catholicism, a subject which needs more study.

PATRICIA WARD
Associate Professor of French
and Comparative Literature
Pennsylvania State University

Correction

The name of the author of the poem *Fisherman* in the May 27 *Commonweal* was misspelled. The correct spelling is Nellie Hill. We regret the error. This poem is being reprinted in a newly published volume of poetry, *Having Come This Far* by Elizabeth Keeler and Nellie Hill.

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